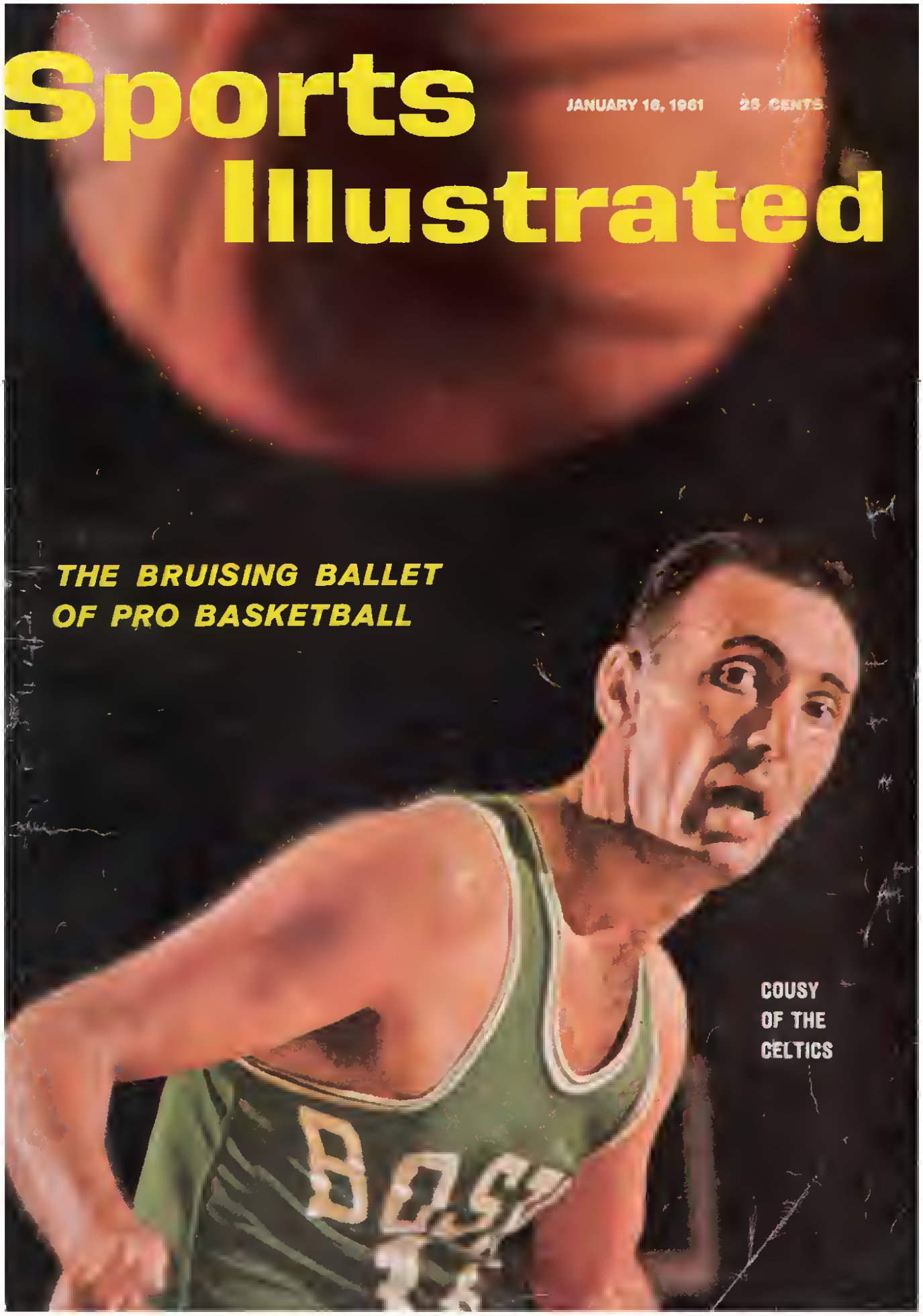

Sports Illustrated
JANUARY 16, 1961
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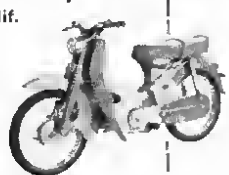
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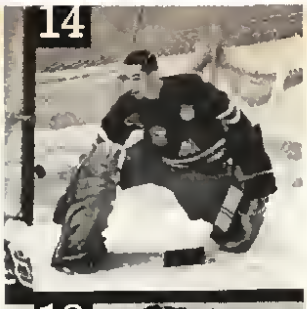
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Next week

After skiing the trails and walking the streets of Zermatt, Roy Terrell calls this tiny Swiss town the world's finest ski resort. And, says Terrell, it's going to be better.

The staid world of chess has been startled recently by the spectacular rise of youthful American masters, like 17-year-old Bobby Fischer. Robert Cantwell tells the story.

Bing Crosby's own tournament, the year's first big pro-am, has something for every golfer. In color, a preview of the men and scenes that make this show memorable.



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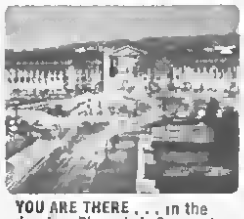
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YOU ARE THERE . . . in the Philippines, sailing the Sulu Sea in a picturesque Moro craft!



YOU ARE THERE . . . in Japan, meeting delicate Oriental beauties in front of Fujiyama!



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SCORECARD

Events, Discoveries and Opinions

BOLD FOR 12

Arnold Palmer, as readers of this magazine know, doesn't play a course —he assaults it. "Why hit a conservative shot?" the Sportsman of the Year asks. Why indeed?

Last week in the first round of the Los Angeles Open, Palmer bit enough bold shots to last him the rest of the winter tour. On the 18th hole, a 508-yard par 5, he tried to reach the green in 2. He hit a good tee shot, but on his approach he pushed a three-wood out of bounds into the practice fairway. He took a penalty stroke and tried again. The next shot went in almost the same spot.

"It is possible," Palmer reasoned later, "that I overcorrected on the third one." Palmer knocked that ball clear out of the course and onto a highway on the *opposite* side of the fairway. The fourth shot landed close to the third. Palmer finally made the green in 10, each of the out-of-bounds balls having cost him two strokes. He then two-putted.

When the erratic few minutes were over, Palmer, who finished 26th in the same tournament last year, seemed the least perturbed man around. "It was a nice round figure, that 12," he said, a perfect pupil of his own go-for-broke philosophy.

THE WORLD AND 1/50TH CHAMP

A fellow who doesn't know all there is to know about fractions had better not try to figure out the middleweight boxing picture. It was bad enough when Paul Pender was champ in New York and Massachusetts and Gene Fullmer was champ in the other 48 states. Now the chairman of the Nevada State Athletic Commission has announced that Sugar Ray Robinson is the champion of the world in Nevada.

The chairman, Dr. Joseph C. Elia, was one of many who thought the Robinson-Fullmer draw in Los Angeles should have been called a win for Sugar Ray. He suggested that the NBA investigate, and termed the decision "awful." The other day he sent a letter to the members of the Nevada commission announcing his decision that Robby reigns, since he should have been awarded the championship fight. So, for the record:

Fullmer is champion of the world plus 47/50ths of the United States.

Pender is champion of the world plus 2/50ths (or 1/25th) of the United States.

Robinson is champion of the world plus 1/50th of the United States.

KENT'S CROW

Ten-year-old Kent Farney of Roeland Park, Kans. had a crow named Jasper, and boy and crow went everywhere together. Last year the crow



failed to return home after accompanying the boy to school. He was gone until last week, when he came back with a four-word vocabulary: "Wigwam" and "Oh, be quiet." Kent's father, a veterinarian, figures somebody captured the crow, clipped his wings and gave him speech lessons. Jasper studied hard and waited for his wings to grow out. When they did he flew straight back to Kent without saying goodby, or "Wigwam," but maybe "Oh, be quiet."

THE INSIDE TRACK

• Jimmie (the Greek) Snyder, Las Vegas handicapper, has made Patterson a 3½-to-1 favorite over Johansson. It's even money that the fight won't go seven rounds.

• Note on offensive football: Only one man among the top 10 leaders in rushing, passing and total offense was on a team good enough to play in a major bowl. He was Joe Bellino, and Missouri held him to four yards.

• The trade that brought Catcher Haywood Sullivan to Kansas City was prompted by the club's own lack of foresight. Last summer the A's traded Harry Chiti; then they sold Danny Kravitz and allowed their other two catchers to be drafted by the league's new entries in Los Angeles and Washington. They had one catcher left on their roster: a youngster from the Class D Florida State League. Sullivan's batting average last year (in Boston) was .161.

• Composer Dmitri Shostakovich, who has glorified Russian peasants and soldiers, plans to compose a symphony in honor of soccer.

• Fred Haney, former Brave manager and now general manager of the Los Angeles Angels, is raiding the Milwaukee club for his office assistants. So far Haney has lured away farm expert Roland Hemond, Secretary-Assistant Treasurer Francis Leary and Equipment Man Tommie Ferguson.

ROLL OUT THE BARRELS

At Grossinger's, the always-throbbing resort hotel in the Catskill Mountains, an ice skater from Portland, Ore. jumped over 16 fiberboard barrels one day last week to become the barrel-jumping champion of the world. Moments later Jim Waldo, the jumper, was given a trophy by Yogi Berra, the New York Yankee baseball player. Then, shouting and laughing, everybody crowded around for pictures and autographs—of Yogi Berra.

Little wonder that barrel jumping is not the world's fastest-growing sport. Even for barrel-jumping champions, fame is fleeting to a point that is measurable in mere seconds. The biggest reward any jumper can hope for is the annual expense-paid trip to Grossinger's for the world championship. Little wonder, too, that there are only 17 creditable barrel jumpers in the business, 15 of whom showed up for last week's showdown. Why do they do it?

"I don't know—it's kind of fun," says Jim Waldo. A onetime figure skater in an ice show, Waldo is manager of an ice rink in Portland, but he had never jumped over a barrel until four years ago when he began to do it out of curiosity.

Leo LeBel of New York jumps barrels because his father before him jumped barrels. (His sister and his brother used to jump barrels, too, but now his sister is married and his brother, a paratrooper, jumps out of airplanes.) LeBel has jumped so well in the past that he has been world champion six times running, never being beaten until Waldo came along.

Georges Coallier, a 25-year-old French Canadian who finished second, jumps barrels because one of his teachers made him jump barrels when he was a boy. He is a Montreal policeman whose winter beat is a frozen lake in a city park upon which he skates eight hours a day.

Then there is Ronald Herrera who drives in stock-car and sports-car races when not styling hair in Manhattan's Lilly Daché beauty salon. "You want to know why I jump barrels?" said Herrera, whose honeymoon last week coincided nicely with the world championships. "I jump barrels because I like the free week's vacation at Grossinger's."

RUMBLE ON THE COURT

Last week, during a pro basketball game between the Detroit Pistons and the New York Knickerbockers, Detroit's George Lee and New York's Kenny Sears got into a fight on the court. Lee connected once and fractured Sears's jaw.

This is the latest and possibly the most serious consequence of what is wrong with pro basketball. The NBA's overseers apparently believe that rowdy behavior on the court by players and coaches is good for the box office. They encourage it by refusing to deal out severe penalties to the participants when it occurs.

We believe the NBA policy is wrong. President Maurice Podoloff should call in his club owners and order them to stop their coaches from inciting violence by childish squabbling with officials. The coaches should be ordered to bench players who appear to prefer boxing and wrestling to basketball. If they persist in turning court games into gang rumbles, these players should be barred from the sport—permanently.

ELOISE

"I told my wife, Eloise, that I would call her if I won the jackpot," said Therman Gibson, the man who last week won $75,000 on NBC's television show, *Jackpot Bowling*, by rolling six consecutive strikes.

"Eloise was sitting home in Detroit with my two daughters, Barbara Kay and Patricia Ann. Normally, the show is put on tape, so we bowl on the Coast at 5:30 in the afternoon and my wife sees the show in Detroit at 10:30 when the tape is put on TV. I promised Eloise I'd call her right away if I ever won.

"Last week, however, one of the announcers had to do the Rose Bowl game, and so the show went out live coast to coast. Since Eloise didn't receive any call and assumed that the show was on tape, she also assumed that I didn't win. She and the girls sat there watching, and after I rolled the fifth strike she turned to the girls and said, 'Kids, now don't get excited, because your father misses this last strike and doesn't win the $75,000.' Well, all of them sat there knowing I wouldn't make it, and when I did, they all jumped around the room screaming and hollering and hugging one another.

"I tried to get to a telephone and call Eloise, but photographers kept wanting pictures, and I couldn't get to a phone. Finally a man came over and said, 'Mr. Gibson, there is a long-distance call for you from Detroit.' I ran to the phone, figuring it was Eloise, and the voice on the other end said, 'Nice going, Therman. A few of the boys were just sitting around the bar here in Detroit and decided to call you up and congratulate you.'"

VOTE ON THE BACKSTRETCH

Early last year some of the parking attendants at New York race tracks tried to organize a union. They were earning $11 a day. Their counterparts in California were earning roughly twice as much. The first organizing effort failed, but it attracted the attention of Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters. They have now moved in, through New York Local 917, and are organizing the attendants and backstretch employees, which include grooms and exercise boys.

The horse men, fearing Teamster influence at race tracks and claiming that union demands will drive some horse owners and trainers into bankruptcy, are organizing in opposition. One of their spokesmen, Jockey Club Member and Wall Street Broker Gerard Smith, says, "If the Teamsters succeed, there will be no more racing in New York after five years and none elsewhere in the U.S. after 10 years."

The Teamsters' major demands include a six-day week (instead of seven), $84 a week (instead of $65), a day's sick pay and a day's vacation for each month worked.

The first important point to be settled (it is now in arbitration) is whether the New York State or the National Labor Relations Board has jurisdiction in the case. The horse men have argued for the national board because grooms and exercise boys travel extensively during the racing season. The Teamsters prefer New

continued

SILVER ANNIVERSARY WINNERS AT WORK

Five years ago SPORTS ILLUSTRATED established the Silver Anniversary All-America awards, honoring men who earned varsity letters on the football field and then achieved distinction in postcollege careers. The award winners have formed the Silver Anniversary All-America Foundation, Inc., and have chosen as president Charles T. Kingston Jr. (*right*), Hartford, Conn. insurance counselor who attended Trinity College and was a 1958 selection. The foundation plans to 1) provide postgraduate scholarships for outstanding student-athletes, 2) promote amateur football and 3) instruct and impress youth with the value of sound, balanced higher education. We applaud its intentions and again congratulate its members.



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York's board. No matter which board takes the case, there will be a vote of backstretch employees this spring when all stables return to New York from winter training. If 51% of approximately 2,200 grooms and exercise boys vote yes, the Teamsters will be in. If the Teamsters do not get what they call a "fair vote," they plan to call for a strike.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

The New York Yacht Club, custodian and defender of the America's Cup, last week tossed a thin line of hope to the British sailing fraternity, which has lost 16 times in 16 tries for the cup. If the NYYC beats the Australian boat in next year's challenge, it will definitely race the British next. *And*, if Australia wins, New York will step aside and let the British have first crack at the Aussies.

This ought to please the Royal Thames Yacht Club mightily. It was preparing a boat when the news of the acceptance of the current Australia challenge broke last April 28. But definitely not pleased were U.S. yachtsmen, some of them New York Yacht Club members. Club member Olin Stephens, successful designer of the last U.S. defender, was the first to speak out: "I'm disappointed the New York Yacht Club took that attitude. If we lose the cup, I think we should get the first chance to win it back."

Actually, the NYYC didn't risk much when it took "that" attitude. As long as Olin Stephens designs our defenders, we never will have to "win it back."

CAST OF CHARACTERS

• Asked how he'd like pitching in Boston's Fenway Park, newly traded Gene Conley replied, "I don't know. I've never pitched in a phone booth before."

• Dr. Frank Vandiver of Houston, pro-South Civil War historian, saw only part of the Blue-Gray bowl game on television. "The Gray was behind, so I turned it off," he said.

• Jess Neely, Rice football coach, visited the New Orleans Fair Grounds race track after the Sugar Bowl game. Asked how he made out, Neely replied: "I did all right. I arranged for a ride back to the hotel."

FACES IN THE CROWD



PAUL TERHES, Little All-America and All-East quarterback at Bucknell, completed 19 of 33 passes for 191 yards and All-American Bowl record, gained bowl's outstanding-player award, turned down Baltimore Colts to sign with AFL's Boston Patriots.



JUDY VAUGHN, 17, 5-foot-10-inch daughter of mill worker, scored 106 points (40 field goals, 26 foul shots) in 30 minutes to boost her season average to 44.5 a game, lead Westfield (N.C.) H.S. to 11th girls' basketball victory without defeat.



CLINT HODGINS, blunt-spoken Canadian who drove first harness race at age 14, made Bye Bye Byrd highest money winner of all time, guided top 3-year-old Elaine Rodney, exceeded $500,000 in purses for second straight year, was voted 1960 Horseman Award.



HARRY TOMPKINS, onetime Westchester dude wrangler now living in Texas, took bull-riding title away from Jim Shoulders, went on to clinch his second all-round rodeo championship (his first was in 1952) in week-long competition held in Dallas.



RAY PADDVAN, sophomore swimmer at Southern Illinois, blazed past Big Ten stars to win three races and high-point trophy in Miami (Fla.) Orange Classic, then took one first, anchored West relay team in victory over East at Fort Lauderdale.



DON HALL, captain and left wing for Eastern Hockey League's Johnstown Jets and a stockbroker in off season, batted home winning goal against New York Rovers to become first player in U.S. amateur hockey history to score 1,000 points during career.

COMING EVENTS

January 13 to January 19
All times are E S T.

★ *Color television* ◉ *Television* ■ *Network radio*

Friday, January 13

BASKETBALL (college)
Auburn at Florida
(pro)
Syracuse vs New York, Boston vs Philadelphia at Boston

HORSE RACING
◉ Broward County Handicap, $15,000, Tropical Park (Sports Network regional TV) *

RODEO
Natl Western Stock Show and Rodeo, $31,500, Denver (through Jan 21)

Saturday, January 14

BASKETBALL (college)
California at UCLA
Louisville at DePaul
Maryland at Duke
Michigan State at Iowa
◉ North Carolina State at Wake Forest, 2 p.m. (ABC)
Ohio State at Northwestern
◉ Purdue at Minnesota (Sports Network regional TV) *
St Bonaventure at Niagara
(pro)
Boston at Philadelphia
◉ Cincinnati at Los Angeles, 2 p.m. (NBC)
Detroit at St Louis

BOXING
◉ Downes vs Pender, middle title bout (Mass and N Y), 15 rds , Boston, 10 p.m (ABC)

GYMNASTICS
U S vs U S S R., University Park, Pa.

HOCKEY
Boston at Montreal.
Chicago at Toronto
New York at Detroit.

HORSE RACING
San Fernando stakes, $50,000, Santa Anita.

SKIING
Lauberhorn FIS race, Wengen, Switzerland (also Jan. 15).

TRACK & FIELD
Massachusetts K of C, Boston.

Sunday, January 15

BASKETBALL (pro)
Cincinnati at Los Angeles
New York at Boston
◉ Philadelphia at Syracuse, 2 p.m. (NBC).
St. Louis at Detroit.
◉ Harlem Globetrotters vs Washington Senators at White Plains, N.Y., 2:30 p.m. (CBS).

FOOTBALL
★■ Pro Bowl, Los Angeles, 3:45 p.m (NBC-TV, Mutual-radio).

HOCKEY
Montreal at Detroit
New York at Chicago.
Toronto at Boston

Monday, January 16

BOWLING
◉ Jackpot Bowling, Lenning vs. Thompson (NBC) *

Tuesday, January 17

BASKETBALL (pro)
East-West All-Star Game, Syracuse, N.Y.

Wednesday, January 18

BASKETBALL (college)
North Carolina at North Carolina State
(pro)
Detroit vs Cincinnati at Dayton
Syracuse vs Philadelphia, Boston vs St. Louis at Boston

HOCKEY
Montreal at Chicago
New York at Toronto.

Thursday, January 19

BASKETBALL (pro)
Los Angeles vs Boston, Philadelphia vs St Louis at Philadelphia
New York at Cincinnati

GOLF
Bing Crosby National, $50,000, Del Monte, Calif (through Jan 22).

HOCKEY
Detroit at Boston.

*See local listing



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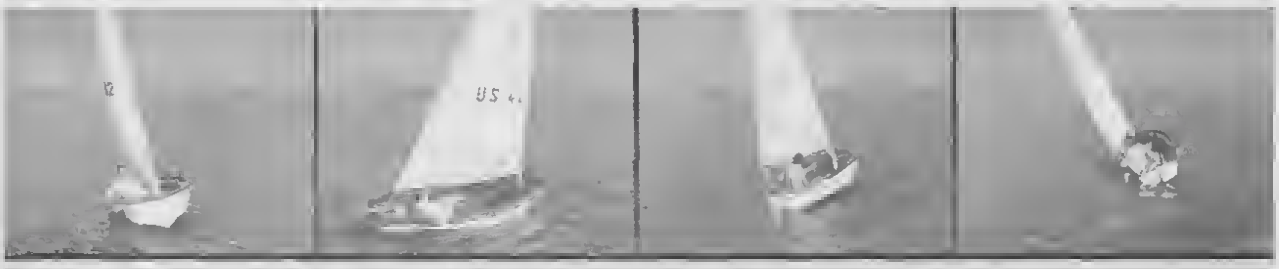
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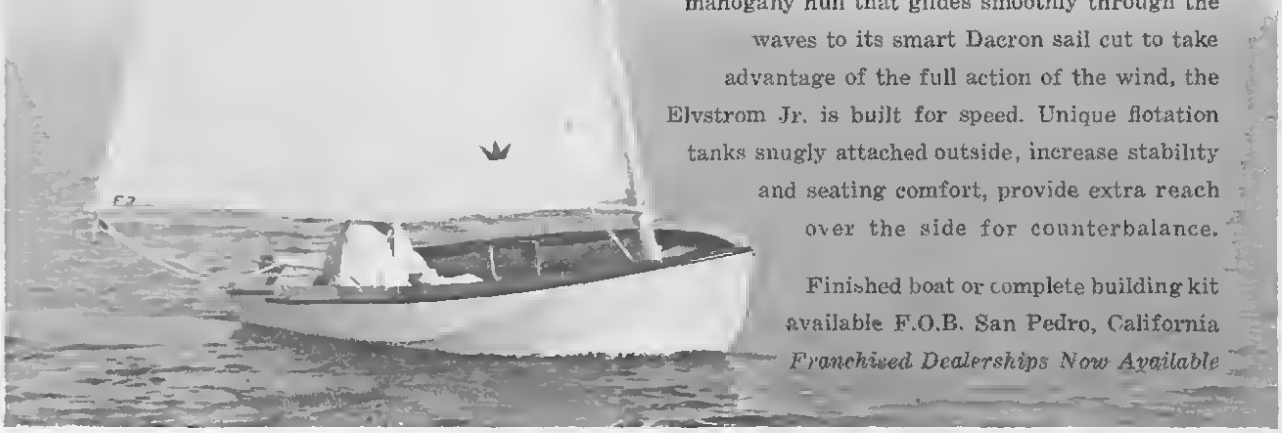
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Sports Illustrated
JANUARY 16, 1961



SOVIET AND U.S. HOCKEY TEAMS SHAKE ON IT AFTER THEIR OWN FRIENDLY VERSION OF ICE FOLLIES AT NEW YORK'S MADISON

CLOBBERED FOR CULTURE

The U.S. National Hockey Team didn't score many goals against the U.S.S.R., but met some nice Russians

by JACK OLSEN

At Madison Square Garden last Saturday afternoon international good will almost melted the ice. U.S. skaters embraced Russian skaters; U.S. skaters shook hands with Russian skaters, both groups of skaters bowed to each other and, in the Russian manner, applauded each other. This orgy of affection took place beneath a scoreboard (*above*) that recorded a lamentable fact: U.S.S.R. 6, U.S. 3. But the final score mattered nothing—the Russian team was here



SQUARE GARDEN. HEAVY, HEAVY HANGING OVER THE U.S. HEADS IS THE SCORE 6-3

Photographs by Herb Scharfman

officially as a part of the Soviet-U.S. cultural exchange program. "It is far more important that we should get to know each other than that we should win a hockey game," the Russian coach, Nikolai Epshtein, declared.

Nikolai roared with laughter a few minutes later when the muttered remark of a disgruntled U.S. newsman was translated for him. The American had said: "Yeah—that's the way it is. When we win, it's a great international hockey match. When we lose, it's the cultural exchange program."

During the last two weeks Coach Epshtein's raggle-taggle band of roving Red hockey players wended its way from New York to Colorado Springs and back again. The cultural exchange on this journey was very big. The Russians learned to say "viskey," and they scored 24 goals against seven for the U.S. team.

They beat teams from the Universities of North Dakota (4–3) and Minnesota (10–2), then three times in a row knocked off a team theoretically composed of the best amateurs in the U.S.

Russian hockey has changed only slightly since last winter's Olympics, when a gutsy but since disbanded U.S. team beat them for the gold medal. The Soviets still play pattern hockey, marked by precise positioning of players and tight puck control. But since Squaw Valley they

continued

have added to their game a whistling slap shot, the most spectacular shot in hockey. Time was when a Soviet skater would as soon proclaim fealty to Czar Nicholas as try a long shot. It was pass and feed, feed and pass, all the way to the goalmouth. The Russian players still play pass-and-feed, but every once in a while now they purify the opposition goalie by sending a Bobby Hull-type rocket past his ears from far out.

The Russians arrived at the Garden for last week's game wearing Depression-era workingman's caps and masks of inscrutability. They were assigned dressing room 29, which is barely big enough for a tag team of wrestlers. Coach Epshtein, a Chaplinesque little man who wears the faint smile of somebody who knows something, put in a sign-language complaint; the Garden officials eased the tension by assigning the visitors to another room.

While this crisis was being adjudicated backstage, Garden Organist Gladys Goodding entertained the meager crowd with a routine Russian repertoire—*Meadowland, Song of the Volga Boatman, Dark Eyes.* She was smack in the middle of a Russian song when the U.S. team took the ice. Quickly she shifted to *Yankee Doodle,* whereupon the Russian team appeared. The teams stood at attention, and Miss Goodding swung into the Soviet national anthem, while a patriotic American in the audience rang a cowbell. Another fierce American threw a piece of pizza at the Soviets in cordial greeting, but these outbreaks were the exception, not the rule. *The Star-Spangled Banner* was played in respectful silence, while a stream of air kept the American flag flapping in an artificial breeze, and one spectator murmured in relief: "Anyway, we've out-anthemed them."

Thus inspired, the poor-but-honest American players put on a brave show in the first period, outhustling the Soviets and coming off the ice with a remarkable 2–0 lead. But in the second period the slaughter began. Slap shots, drop passes, behind-the-back passes, give-and-go maneuvers, crisp checking and perfect discipline brought the Soviets five quick goals. A relaxed final period saved the U.S. from deeper humiliation.

There are three or four schools of thought on the significance of all this. One school holds that it is a body blow to the prestige of the free world and will probably cost us Iceland, Pakistan and the Outer Hebrides. Another attitude is that it is indeed a shame, but there are three years to go until the next Olympics, so all is not lost. A third school—made up of eight or 10 people—tries hard to hold to the thought that hockey, even international hockey, is only a game. The three icy debacles, however, do point up one fact: the difference between amateurism in the U.S. and amateurism in the Soviet Union makes it inevitable that we lose in the long run.



IN SKULL SESSION, the Russian players hear Coach Nikolai Epshtein (*right*) emphasize the need for precision passing and perfect discipline in Soviet-style hockey.

Play for pay

Consider the two teams. The Russians are young men recruited from hot industrial clubs like the Moscow Locomotives, the Gorki Torpedoes and the Moscow Dynamos. When they play hockey for the greater glory of the Soviet Union, they continue to draw their full pay, plus expenses.

The Americans, on the other hand, are expected to subsidize themselves. They have to leave their jobs and their families, even pay for their own passports. There are not many young men who can afford to lose four months' pay per year on behalf of American athletic prestige abroad.

Obviously and understandably disappointed by the American showing, U.S. Coach Connie Pleban pointed out after the game in New York that his team has been together less than a month. During that time it had five practice sessions and had to play eight games. Why so many games and so few practices? "That's simple," said Pleban, "we need the money from the exhibition schedule to send the team to the world championships. It'll cost us $32,000 to send the team abroad, and even then we've got to play a 22-game schedule in this country before we leave and a 16-game exhibition schedule in Europe before the championships."

Such exigencies can only produce an inept team, and an inept team is exactly what the United States has. The Russians who clobbered them are far from superstars; they are simply a pick-up collection of younger players sent abroad to exchange culture while the Russian varsity remains at home training for the world championships. It is dismaying to contemplate the destruction this No. 1 Russian team is likely to impose on the already bloodied Americans when they meet at Geneva in March. **END**



PLEASANT MOMENT for the United States Nationals came when Jack Williams (17) stole puck, skated around a defenseman and slashed it past Russian Goalie Victor Konovalenko.

DISMAL MOMENT saw Russian shot fly past Goalie Larry Palmer of the U.S. Army (*below*) while two eager Russian players waited hungrily for rebounds just outside the American nets.



THE THEATRE: 'CARMEN DESCENDING'

Nearing the end of his career, Carmen Basilio tries once again to make it back to center stage

by GILBERT ROGIN

Prizefighters are not characters in a play, yet the public demands a theatrical curtain for its heroes. Type-cast, they hang around for one more exit line, the one that will top the last or make up for the missed cue.

As Act I of *Carmen Descending* opens, we find Carmen Basilio symbolically fiddling with a roll of Life Savers in his hotel suite. It is several hours before he is to fight Gaspar Ortega at Madison Square Garden and he is diligently pursuing the role of the prizefighter who cannot make up his mind. Four of his hunting buddies, down from upstate New York for the fight, troop sheepishly in and out of the bedroom like bewildered extras. Basilio is 33 years old, has been welterweight and middleweight champion; during the last two years he has had but two fights and, with obviously diminished talents, lost both of them. He is pondering retirement as a visitor enters.

Visitor: You seemed to be horsing around at the weighin this morning. Has your attitude toward fighting changed over the years?

Basilio: You get older; you get mellow. I find out that it's easier to relax. This way you're able to save energy. You learn all these things. That's experience.

Visitor: Do you still enjoy fighting?

Basilio (moody): It's a source of endeavor. I haven't found any other source of endeavor. When I quit it's going to be like saying goodby to an old friend. It hurts to get old.

Visitor: Looking back, are you content that you went into boxing?

Basilio: I was nothing before I was a boxer. Boxing made me. Anyone in my position who would knock boxing would be stupid, an ingrate. I don't enjoy getting hurt, waking up with a puffed eye and pain, stiff all over. But you have to take the bitter with the sweet. That's the bitter. The sweet is when guys recognize you on the street, say hello champ, know who you are. It will always be sweet for me. I don't say this to be egotistical but they'll always remember me and say hello. But if you can't take the bitter, you don't deserve the sweet.

Visitor: What do you think about the fight with Ortega?

Basilio: It isn't going to be easy. I'll have to fight tonight. But the only thing that's going to lose this fight for me is running out of petrol. If I don't I'll lick him. I'll take the first six rounds. I might dump him in the first round. I know I'm talking awful porky. That son of a bitch—that's a figure of speech; he's not a son of a bitch—will try to run but he don't know how to run.

Visitor: Why do you keep fighting?

Basilio: Where else can I make $10,000 on January 7?

Visitor: Do you find it harder to train than in the old days?

Basilio (cheerful): Going to the gym is easy. It's getting up in the morning that's tough. Man, it's hell to climb out of the sack, get hit with that cold air. There's all kinds of snow up there where I come from. You got to argue with yourself: get up or the guy will knock your brains in, the crowd will get sour. It gets harder and harder. Now, if I was going hunting I'd fly out of the sack. You try to think of a good logical excuse: headache, sore muscle in the calf of your leg. You know what makes a man lazy?

Visitor: No.

Basilio: Success. I've had success. But when you don't work as hard, you can't travel with the champions. Sound sensible?

Visitor: Yes.

Basilio (musing): I used to be like an automatic robot in the old days. It's different now. I got to go through that argument every morning. Now my brother has to wake me up. I need someone to come get me, pull me out. My wife can't con me out of bed no more.

Visitor: Does she approve of you continuing to fight?

Basilio: If she had her way we'd pack our bags, get the train and go home right now. She's 100% against it.

Visitor: I guess you're the boss.

Basilio: I bring home the bread, don't I?

Visitor: When are you going to quit?

Basilio: Tonight will determine a lot of things. We'll wait and see what happens.

Visitor: I hear the crowd is going to be pretty good.

Basilio: The more the merrier.

Act II is in Madison Square Garden some hours later. There are 8,000 people there, the largest fight crowd in the Garden in years.

GRIMACING after sucking on a post-fight lemon, Carmen mugs like vaudevillian.



Photographs by Herb Scharfman

The organist is playing *La Golondrina.* Basilio mounts the ring and blows everyone a kiss. Ortega has several freehand hearts tattooed on his arms, an Indian head on his thigh, a cabalistic symbol on the back of his hand. He wears a faint Cantinflas mustache. Although it is a vigorous, agreeable fight, neither fighter shows distinction. Ortega, a slugger who can't punch, usually plunges recklessly in as if on roller skates but he seems rather in awe of Basilio. ("He had respect," Basilio noted later.) Respect probably costs Ortega the fight, as Carmen, tenaciously dogging him, misses with many of his hooks, relies frequently on his jab for points and doesn't always get the best of the volleying. He sends home the hardest punches, however. The decision is close but unanimous and fair: one judge and the referee score it 6–4; the other judge has it 5–4–1. But the outcome, which Carmen had promised would provide a denouement for his dwindling career, reveals nothing more than that an elderly middleweight can beat a ring-worn welterweight. Basilio weighed 159½ pounds, Ortega, 149½. Since Basilio had agreed to come in at 155 he faces the absurd punishment of being suspended for a month or so.

When Basilio hears the decision he blows some more kisses and goes to the dressing room for Act III. Like other middle-aged fighters, he had inhaled oxygen between rounds. This fascinated one reporter.

Reporter 1: What were you taking?
Basilio: Oxygen.
Reporter 1: What does it do for you?
Basilio: What are you breathing in here? Air? All right, what does it do for you?
Reporter 2: What were you talking to your corner about between rounds?
Basilio: I was telling them the strategy. I was a little clumsy in spots but Ortega was like a little boy. I never knew they [welterweights] could be so weak.
Reporter 3: Well, are you going to go on fighting? What are you going to do?
Basilio: I'm going to go to my hotel, get a nice cold drink, have something to eat and go to bed.
Reporter 3: Don't get hurt, Carmen.



GASPAR ORTEGA (LEFT) AND BASILIO TRADE PUNCHES WITH WAXWORKS SOLEMNITY

Basilio: I'm not going to get hurt. I'm a selfish guy. Every time I make a move, don't worry, it's best for me.

Curtain.

Not a very good ending, is it? Here's a better one. It is Sept. 23, 1957, and Basilio, at the top of his form, is licking Sugar Ray Robinson in Yankee Stadium for the middleweight title. A man, somberly drunk in a white-on-white shirt and a white-on-white tie, is roaring hoarsely, vibrantly, out of the crowd toward the distant ring: *"Battilo, a vita! Battilo, a vita!"* And then in an eloquent and gracious stage whisper, translating for his non-Italian friends (at the moment, all within a quarter mile of him): "Which means, 'Hit him, my son.' " And, as though heeding the imploring, parental summons shouted across the night, Basilio, like Lizzie Borden, gives Robinson 40 whacks and then 41.

But that grand old play closed a long time ago. **END**



Where the Swimmers Are

Photographs by Jerry Cooke



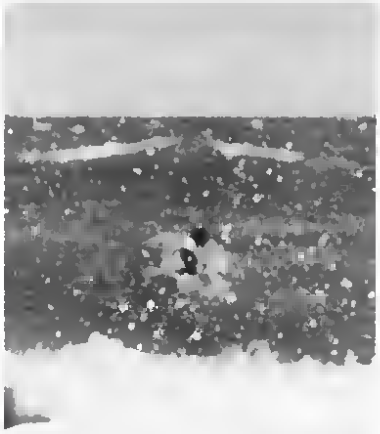
The 93 heads and 41 arms visibly bobbing and flailing in the Casino Pool at Fort Lauderdale, Fla. belong to only a few of the several hundred topflight swimmers assembled at the annual College Coaches Swimming Forum. Fort Lauderdale has a reputation—well publicized by the raffish novel *Where the Boys Are*—as a far-out place for far-out young people, at least for one far-out week every spring. But Lauderdale is also a haven for the unbeat. During Christmas vacation each year, boy and girl swimmers from all over the country gather there for a two-week-long cram course in competitive swimming, well mixed, of course, with fun, beach parties and surfing.

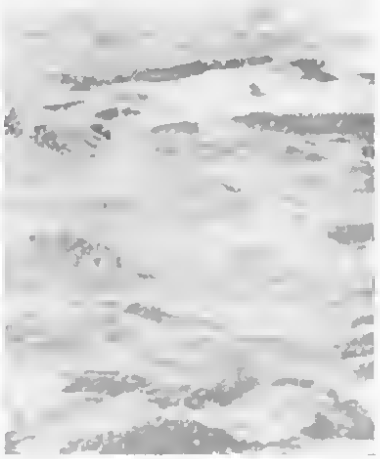
CONTINUED



SWIMMERS OFF DUTY behave like busmen—they go to the beach. Brawny men swimmers duck some of the pretty girls (*above*), combat the foaming surf with kick boards (*below*), or (*opposite*) blanket-toss girls like 14-year-old Ginna Thieme.















Man in the Muddle

A drumming storm passing through Copenhagen recently made it appear that in northern Europe, at least, the rains fall mainly on the Danes. The storm, however, failed to cancel a scheduled soccer game or dampen the ardor of one heroic goalkeeper. Like a homesick clam high-shelling it for a mud flat, he dived headlong into the ooze of the field to stop a goal-bound ball. He didn't succeed, but he did come up feeling goo all over.

Photograph by Aage Sorensen



THE SAVERS VS. THE SPOILERS



As civilization invades the Alaskan wilderness, scientists like Biologist Jim Brooks (above) are fighting hard to save the land and game herds

by ***COLES PHINIZY***



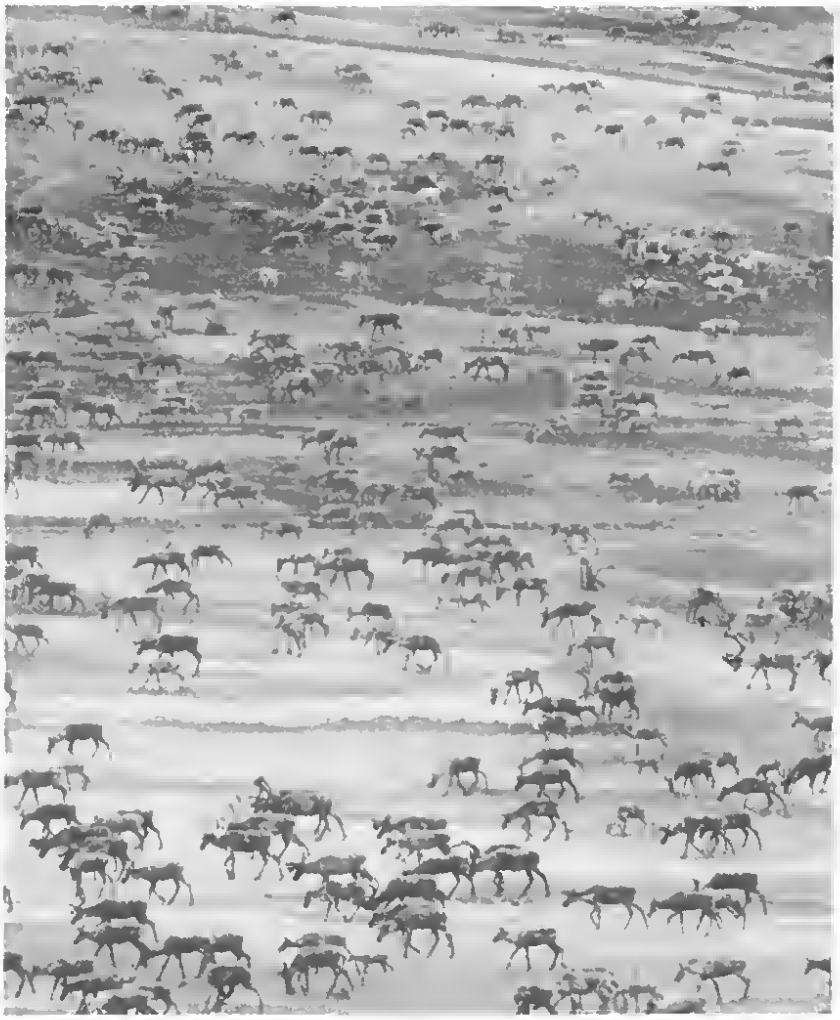
MIGRATING CARIBOU SWARM ACROSS THE VAST

Two hundred years ago, before higger ideas were thrust upon them, the Indians of southeast Alaska believed that tbe creator of all things was a large black raven. If by chance a Great Raven does have the final say when this world ends, the human race will be in for it. The raven is by nature tidy and efficient, gregarious but still free, living from day to day raucously confident that when one carcass is picked clean, another will turn up. No Alaskan raven would ever, like a man or beaver, spend its short life gnawing and toiling for the future, stockpiling surpluses in untidy hummocks about the land. Most of the world has been appropriated for human use so that more and more men can be packed into large urban wallows, like brood sows on a collective farm. No raven in its right mind would approve of this. Unless men mend their ways, on Judgment Day the Great Raven will consign most of the human species to one of the lower levels of hell, along with the beavers and ground squirrels.

There have been a few men the Great Raven could accept—perhaps among the acceptable would be Kublai Khan and James Audubon, because they cared for birds; possibly also the poet Poe (he understood ravens), and quite possibly Biologist James Brooks, age 38, chief of the Game Division of the State of Alaska. In the confusion of the 20th century, it is doubtful whether Biologist Jim Brooks, or any one of his 19 widely scattered assistants, will ever achieve historical distinction as a conservationist, but they all deserve some reward in the hereafter, for they are responsible for a wilderness as challenging as any the great khans ruled or Audubon ever saw.

The alluvial plains, the volcanoes and hoary, rumpled cordilleras of the Alaskan wilderness—even the tides along the drowned coast and the winds aloft—all are on a heroic scale. Alaska's outlying islands alone exceed Iowa in size, and Rbode Island could ride on the back of a single glacier. One blast of the cold, wet wind that scours the Aleutians would be enough to scatter all the industrial stink of greater Los Angeles and wither the beard of every false prophet in it.

Because of its size and its elemental hostility to the casual advances of man, Alaska is today tbe last true U.S. wilderness, the last chance for man to prosper intelligently in free association with companion species. There is no doubt that with the increasing pressure of human population, the Alaskan wilderness, too, will go. Given the motive, the technicians will find a way to tame Alaska and cut it down to size. When the U.S. Army needs an interplanetary missile base on top of Mount McKinley, the Army will take McKinley. When it is profitable to build a putty factory on the Kuskokwim River flats, a putty factory will be built there, with roads connecting it to putty consumers. The ducks and brant of the Kuskokwim flats will



FLATS OF THE ALASKA INTERIOR, STILL UNAFFECTED BY ANY ADVANCES OF MAN

have no place to go, but they will have to go. And when they go, they will be gone forever.

The certain way to insure the future of wildlife is to forbid any further advances by man. There is no wildlife manager with the authority—and few with the inclination—to do that. This is particularly true in Alaska, where Brooks and his aides do not live in spruce trees but, like all Alaskans, must pay dearly for modest homes, for powdered milk and processed eggs, with no hope of lower prices until industry gets a bigger grip on the land.

Spokesman for the wolf

The biologist in Alaska is the representative of the caribou and moose and wolf, of the Sitka deer, the sheep, goats, bears, beavers, mice and shrews, but he is likewise the paid delegate of the people. If Jim Brooks can tactfully show his people that they can live with the moose, the mouse and the wolf, and prosper without botching the land as grossly as it has been botched in the lower states, he will have succeeded at a job where success is rare.

Biologists generally concur that 90% of any wildlife management job is managing people. In this respect, Brooks is fit for the job in Alaska. He is an average-size, 170-pound, dark-haired man with a custom of speaking carefully and observing with a steady eye that at times—like the eye of a wolf—seems capable of penetrating several layers of man's thoughts. He has the proper academic degrees and has led a varied life that qualifies him to understand the diverse character of the animals and the 224,000 people of Alaska. In the 20 years since he shipped steerage class to Ketchikan, Brooks has washed dishes, farmed, cut timber, mined gold, fished for salmon, worked as a gandy dancer, a bush pilot and an air corps pilot, operated a bulldozer and a weather station. In 1942 he spent a lonely winter working trap lines, breaking trail for his sled team 20 and 30 miles a day in the snows of the Kantishna drainage north of the Alaska Range.

The varied character of the land and people is a mixed blessing for Brooks and his staff. The land is primitive, and at the same time a vital partner in the red-hot present. The greatest herds of caribou on the Arctic tundra—some 250,000 head—are affected little by men or guns, but the antlers of the caribou now carry five times the normal radioactive load. Rodents eat the annual crop of discarded antlers, and thus a remote land with barely a man for every 20 square miles already pulses with the hot breath of science. Some quadrants of the Alaskan wilderness are not yet perfectly mapped, but, like outposts on the moon, the domes and strange configurations of microwave stations and early warning sites stand in the mist on the mountain balds.

Outside the large towns the Alaskan people—the Eskimos, Aleuts, Indians and all later arrivals—live in the present and past, counting heavily on the Piper Super-Cub and the husky dog, the Evinrude motor and the skin bidarka, mail-order underwear and homemade boots. Like the rest, the biologist lives with the past and present. Year round, Alaska maintains about as many miles of road as Delaware. The biologist of necessity flies about 40,000 miles a year surveying remote populations and ranges. His Super-Cub must be able to let him down safely almost anywhere and jump back into the air off a 400-foot beach like a frightened mallard. When he leaves home, the biologist files a flight plan, tests for water in his airplane gas and puts his trust in God, in the weather advisory and selected crystal frequencies. In case these fail him, he also carries a knife, a revolver, a survival kit and life insurance.

The Alaskan wilderness has been used for some years now. The Russian and American fur hunters of 200 years ago and the whalers and the gold men who followed the fur men to Alaska were all spoilers, out to make a killing, contributing little. Alaska still suffers somewhat in this historical pattern. Its wilderness needs love, or at least respect, but today in the land there are both lovers and spoilers. On the Huslia River, a trapper (a self-appointed authority) deliberately

continued

curtails his limit on beaver so beaver will prosper. But in the town of Copper Center, a latter-day spoiler defends shooting a cow moose and twin calves, telling the judge that he thought they were caribou. In the barbershop across from Juneau's Hotel Gastineau, one client sits reading the game laws; another client announces that on one good day last fall he got 23 geese and 138 ducks (legal daily limit: five each).



THE DALL SHEEP, though it has long been a prize trophy, prospers today in Alaska's mountains because the game laws allow hunters to take only the older rams.

For all its size, the land seems to lack the magic capacity of one small Hawaiian island to absorb a hodgepodge of people and imbue each with a respect for its essential character. It is perhaps because in the north the permafrost lies just under the topsoil, and few roots can go deep. About 35% of the Alaskan population makes its living on military projects—decent people, but by the nature of their enterprise many remain strangers in a far land. Some of the civilians who come to Alaska were motivated largely by the urge to leave somewhere else. Once in Alaska, they think of home. On their first flight from Anchorage to Fairbanks, two newcomers—electrical engineers—look down on the Alaska Range and its large pockets bulging with glaciers, but their talk this early in their new adventure is of a low mountain back in east Tennessee where you can see five different states. In the trapping settlement of Hughes, hugging the Koyukuk River bank 30 miles from the Circle, the postmistress has a 20-inch Zenith television console. There is no television signal within 150 miles, nor likely to be any for 20 years. But for the postmistress, the big blank eye of the Zenith is a satisfying link with the outside.

When some of the people have only half a heart for it, when so much of the wilderness is still untouched and unmanageable, why try to manage it at all? Alaska is far bigger and rougher than any other state—bigger, rougher, but not tougher: the arctic and subarctic, paradoxically, are fragile environments. A tropic area or a temperate rain forest can cover transgressions and mistakes with new growth in a few decades. In the north, growth and decay are slow; wounds heal slowly and scars are lasting. In the brown days of autumn, the trails of caribou and tractors show clearly on ridge lines where there have been no caribou, no tractors for 20 years. When it is burned over, the pale carpet of lichens, favored winter food of the caribou, takes 50 years to repair. Along drainages in the interior, the sluice boxes and mining tools of 1900 lie weathering alongside abandoned gold dredges and 55-gallon drums that came only yesterday. For miles along the drainages the dirty tailings of the dredges lie in barren hummocks, and it will take five or 10 years for the first willows and birch to come back and support the browsing moose.

From the tundra of the arctic slope southward, there are today perhaps 500,000 caribou, and in the rain forests of the state's southeastern panhandle, a peak population of about 100,000 Sitka deer. These handsome numbers are no real proof of strength. Alaska's fauna is typical of the north: strong in numbers and few in kind. Counting the least shrew, in all Alaska there are only 53 native species of land mammals, and less than half that number in the extreme northern limits. (By contrast, you can find more than 100 species in a small, unspoiled area of Florida.) The species of the tropics and subtropics are toughened and their populations stabilized by interspecific rivalry. For lack of rivalry, northern populations tend to instability. An Alaskan species may reach a great peak and then, when its range is hurt by man or by a succession of foul winters, the population crashes. In some instances, an expanding species that is not trimmed by predators such as man and the wolf ruins its own range. It topples by the weight of its own numbers.

Southeast Alaska is a drowned coastline, the steep slopes of the mainland and islands wooded with large Sitka spruce and hemlock. The deer there live in virtually a vertical environment, with a relatively narrow winter range in the lower levels. Of late, winter has been kind; the deer population has trebled in 10 years. But the biologist knows that bad winters like those of the late '40s will come again. The deer will be driven down to the beaches to scrounge for kelp and other poor offerings of the tide line. In one bad winter Biologist Brooks and his assistants know they will find two or three dead deer for every mile of beach. Most of the carcasses in one stretch may be eaten by a wolf or bear, but from the pink, gummy marrow of residual bones the biologists can tell for sure that the deer starved.

Thus, for many species, Jim Brooks is in the happy position of urging hunters to take their usable limit of prosperous populations. The game regulations say: take one ram, one goat, one bull moose, three caribou and, in crowded deer areas, please, please take four deer of either sex. Among those Alaskans who are conservation-minded, this largesse stirs protests. "There is," Brooks feels, "a conservatism in the public mind."

In his reluctance to take advantage of liberal game limits, the Alaskan is making the common mistake of applying human tradition to a wild species. For example, the hunter is allowed to kill the doe; but many do not, for the doe is a symbol of motherhood, source of all future deer. So when a bad winter comes, the mother deer that could be wrapped in a home freezer is left to the wolf on the beach.

Guns for conservation

The Alaskan hunter also succumbs to man's natural instinct for putting something aside in good times to get through the bad times. He theorizes that if bag limits are kept low in boom years, the wild game will have a free ticket through the worst winter. It isn't so. Wild game cannot be stockpiled or hoarded like corn in a crib or money in a mattress. It is the habitat rather than the creature that needs more protection. Where there is fit habitat, almost any species has the resilience to survive, and there is not a predator other than man with the capacity to knock it out. When the hunter understands this, the gun in his hand becomes a valuable weapon to help the biologist guard a shaky land of plenty.

The Bible and the story of Little Red Riding Hood and a spate of literature of greater and lesser worth say that the wolf is a villain. For the biologist, or for any man who takes the time to watch it, the Alaskan wolf is a beauty. By its great size alone, the Alaskan strain reduces all others of its kind to the status of dingos. Like the big bears, the wolf deserves the rank of trophy game, but, by vote of the Alaska legislature, since 1915 it is vermin, bountied at $50 a head. On the fringes of human culture, the Alaskan wolf takes domestic stock now and again, but in the main, knowing a real competitor and predator when it sees one, it stays clear of the permanent settlements of man. There is no authentic instance of a sound and sane wolf attacking man; there is ample evidence that it is a valuable management tool, holding peak populations in line until there are guns enough for the job. Alaska's Dall sheep—prized trophy of rich visitors—lives in high bastions, competing with no other creature over most of its range. When the sheep population is up and winter is bad, some sheep are forced down into range valuable to the caribou. There waits the wolf, judicious leveler, preserver of the equilibrium.

Logic is against it but, regardless, Jim Brooks and his assistants pay out $60,000 a year in wolf bounties. At the same time, incongruously, the biologists raise a den of captured wolf pups and release them as adults on a small island where there were no wolves to trim the heavy population of deer. (The name of the island must remain secret lest a bounty hunter proceed thence and make a financial killing off the biologists' wolves.) If by this island test the biologists prove beyond any doubt that wolves have a stabilizing effect—indeed, even if the biologists find their test wolves are feeding nagoon berries to the starving fawns in midwinter—it is doubtful that the legislature will change its mind. The wicked wolf of Red Riding Hood is a preposterous image, but a strong one. The average man was weaned on it and simply won't give it up.

In surveying and attempting to count the animal population under his control, the biologist runs up against other problems just as vexing and a lot more taxing. By low-level flights over prescribed transects, he can get a fair idea of the sex and age composition of the moose population. The prosperity of the beavers can be indexed in much the same way, although surveying beavers is a more severe test of the whole biologist. To spot the beaver's telltale food caches, he must follow the stream lines. After a half day flying at 200 feet, continuously banking left and right and left along the snaky streams and oxbows, the biologist feels as if a family of horned toads had moved into his stomach. Surveying the caribou is a greater problem. Flying is no good. The

continued



THE ALASKAN WILDERNESS, which is still, by and large, a more fit place for beasts than for man, supports seven big game species. Mountain goats and Sitka deer abound in the southeastern panhandle, and mountain sheep in the remoteness of the Alaska and Brooks ranges. The restless caribou, most abundant of the state's big game species, predominate in the eastern interior and north of the Brooks Range. Grizzly, brown and black bears, and moose are found virtually everywhere.

caribou won't stand still for it. They are a restless, demanding sort, fairly regular in their habits but requiring lots of room. Unlike the moose, both sexes of caribou carry antlers; so to distinguish yearling bulls from cows with certainty the biologist needs a good look at the genitals, and there is no pilot in Alaska who will fly low enough for that. To index the caribou, the biologist has to work on the ground at some traditional pass on their migration routes.

Disappearing act

In the east of the state, the range of one herd of 40,000 caribou covers an area the size of Pennsylvania. The range spreads across two of Alaska's seven highways and eastward into Canada, roughly along the route traveled by Jack London's famous dog Buck. The biologist tries to keep tabs on it twice a year. The herd's calving grounds lie on the north side of the Steese Highway. Perfect. Right at the highway, the biologist can count the cows and last year's calves as they cross in the spring. Heading for their Canadian winter range, the whole herd crosses the Taylor Highway near the border. Perfect. The biologist can index bulls, yearlings, cows and new calves as they cross. The caribou customarily move to Canada between September 25 and October 5 (or at least that is what biologists customarily think). The biologist wisely tries to spot the herd first by plane. He flies for three days. In the snow of the ridges he sees the tracks of thousands of caribou. He finds 200 head around Joseph Creek. Thirty-nine thousand caribou are missing. Have they crossed on into Canada? Two biologists drive the length of the highway twice looking for tracks in the new snow. They find the track of the moose, the bear and the wolf, but no caribou or sign of caribou. Four years ago the whole herd went all the way into Canada, turned around and came back deep into Alaska, turned around again and went back into Canada—total distance: 1,500 miles. What are the crazy caribou up to now? Are they feeding around Beaver Creek or Merry Christmas Creek or Bullion Creek? Or hiding under the black spruce at Confederate Creek? Celebrating on Fourth of July Creek or Happy New Year Creek? Swimming down the Yukon just for the hell of it? The biologist doesn't know, and he can't take any more time to find out. He has another job 300 miles away.

Since the human race is the self-appointed proprietor of the whole land, in the final analysis the future of any wild species depends on the attitude of men toward it. Men do not tolerate any predator half so efficient as themselves, and on this count, the wolf is doomed. The brown bears and grizzlies of Alaska in time will be reduced to the status of public-park wards, desirable but innately feared. The Alaskan has no objection to coexistence now, while there is plenty of room for men and bears, but he's not for integration—doesn't want his kids going to school with bears. Even away from town, an Alaskan finding a grizzly or brown bear on his favorite fishing stream often will shoot it and conscientiously report the kill as self-defense. On the weekend the fisherman has left the tedium of his city work to re-create himself in the bear's world. But when the bear comes to the stream for the mutual purpose of fishing, the man presumes the bear is threatening him.

The mountain sheep and goats are reasonably secure for the future. They have a good reputation among people. They do not eat children. Moreover, their range is a rough one. People like to visit it, the high ground of the sheep and goats, but few would want to live there. The Alaskan deer will do fairly well. When the need arises, the deer can be fitted into fairly small corners, persisting under wise management. The restless caribou will decline. They are getting their antlers tangled in the phone wires occasionally now, and when roads and other communication lines cut unnatural barriers across their land, the effect may be too much for them. The caribou will probably become park wards, to be harvested by hunters on a quota basis, as buffalo are now in some of the shooting galleries of the lower states.

The moose and black bear have some advantage over the others. They are acquiring the status of lovable bums who often show up in town, the bear usually heading directly for the city dump, the moose drifting around, eating shrubbery, chasing (and being chased by) dogs and children. The Alaskan may shoot a grizzly 100 yards from him on the stream, but he tolerates the moose that walks through his back fence and tramples his cabbage garden. A resident of the town of Palmer, 40 miles from Anchorage, finds a moose in the cellar of the new home he is building. He dutifully summons the biologist, who gives the moose a shot of succinylcholine chloride to knock it out and lifts it from the cellar with a wrecker hoist. A construction worker living in a trailer telephones the Anchorage game office: every morning for a week a moose has chased him when he tried to get in his car to go to work. That was O.K., but now the moose is kicking in the side of his trailer. Can anything be done? A lady telephones. She planted cabbages. A moose came and ate the cabbages, and that was all right. But the moose now chases the kids. Can anything be done? The biologist tells her he can come and kill the moose. The lady says the moose should live; the kids will have to take their chances. A sergeant has a question for the Fairbanks game office: The Ladd Air Force Base has only three or four bear on it in the evening, while Eielson Base gets a dozen or more. Does this mean the food at Eielson is better than at Ladd? (The biologist doesn't know.) A lady calls: she was cooking muffins, turned around, and there, in the middle of the kitchen, was a bear. No, she doesn't need any help. She bit the bear on the behind with a broom and it ran out the door. It wasn't a grizzly—just an ordinary adult black bear about three feet high.

End of the line

The bear and moose that drift in and out of town are but a sliver of the total population, but the biologist must spend some time on them. "It is one of our ways," Jim Brooks said recently, "of encouraging the public to think of these animals as objects of value. We may never be able to produce people and bears on the same ground. We have limited manpower and still so much game that we cannot manage it fully. But we have the duty of keeping people aware that what they see today can go tomorrow, and is worth caring for, worth preserving now. Alaska is a place where all kinds come, among them the malcontents of crowded places to re-create their souls. If we sack Alaska, where do we go next?" END



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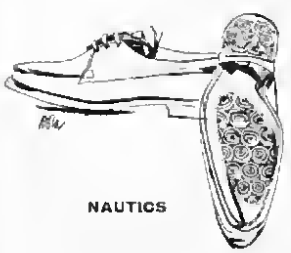


CLARKS OF ENGLAND

made footing safer than it had ever been. It provided the effect of many tiny squeegee blades—cut into the solid rubber sole. The best-known Sperry model has double-heel cushioning, comes in white and navy canvas and costs $10 for men and women.

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continued



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are likely to pick up sand and cinders. This makes for gritty scratches on polished decks. But Sperry and other firms believe their latest models go a long way toward overcoming this drawback.

Clarks of England, well-known for their desert boot, are introducing their first boating shoe this spring. It is white and has a crepe-rubber corrugated sole and costs $15 for men, $14 for women. It is made of light, washable glove leather.

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BATES

brown, it is made for men only: $17.

Bates calls its new soft ponyskin lightweight shoe the Boater-Floater. It is leather-lined and has Neo-Crepe sole with wedge construction. The cost is $14 for men and $13 for women; it is made in white only.

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It features four-eyelet tie, arch support, sponge-rubber insole and reinforced toe. For men and women, it is available in navy, white and faded blue; $7.

—JULE CAMPBELL



Frostbite racing on Long Island Sound—photo by Mark Shaw

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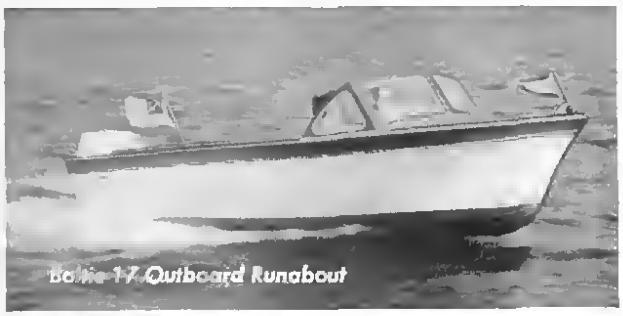
An inside look

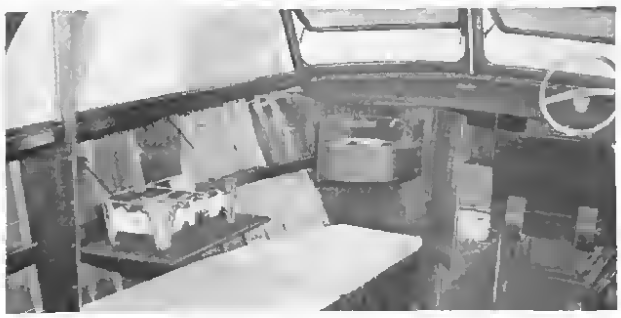
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SKIPPER HOOD RACES FOR GLORY OF HOOD SAILS AND HULLS

A skipper from scratch

Marblehead's Ted Hood, known as a sailmaker, now not only races his boats but builds them, too

by ERIK LUND

Frederick E. (Ted) Hood of the famous sailing port of Marblehead is a laconic fellow, but he has a combination of talents seldom found in a single sailor. At 33, Ted Hood is one of the top half dozen sailors in the country. He is one of the two or three top sailmakers. Recently he began designing sailing hulls—with immediate success. If Roger Maris manufactured the bats he used, sold them to all the very best players and successfully managed the Giants, he would hold a comparable position in baseball.

Hood's most recent feat in competitive sailing was in August when he came down to the New York Yacht Club cruise (a series of prestige events) with a new centerboard yawl of his own design carrying Hood sails, and beat the fleet for the Astor Cup.

"Our crew was just three couples," said Hood, "and the girls weren't too used to sailing. The men got pretty tired running around and changing the sails. Some of the other boats had seven strong men on board."

This is a long speech for Ted. He probably made it because he couldn't resist giving the New Yorkers the old Yankee rub. Ordinarily he is a mixture of grave reserve, some shyness (which lessens considerably after a drink) and deep underlying warmth.

In the office of his sail loft, he is ill at ease with strangers. He glances quickly from under a mop of dark hair when asked a question, fiddling with objects on his desk. The questioner is likely to have a long wait for the answer, such as it is. John Collins, a close friend, says he sailed with

continued

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Ted Hood *continued*

Hood for three years without being able to remember a single instance when Ted spoke long enough to complete a paragraph. When sailing, Ted's young and pretty wife Susan never bothers to ask her husband what is going on, but always asks the crew instead.

Yet Hood makes it clear that, in his opinion, he is a successful sailmaker because he makes better sails than anyone else. And he is not bashful about seizing opportunity. When the 1954 hurricane hit New England, Hood bought boats for salvage, fixed them and sold out at a good profit. These profits were added to those of the loft, which grossed $80,000 that year and which will gross $300,000 this year.

In the last America's Cup trials, three boats used Hood's sails wholly or partly, and the successful defender, *Columbia*, flew a Hood spinnaker. This is about as much prestige as a sailmaker can get.

In the America's Cup trials Hood's talent for sailing came in just as handy as his sails. He was picked for the sailing brain trust on the 19-year-old *Vim*, which almost defeated newer and presumably faster candidates. When Hood arrives at any race, he mixes sailmaking with sailing. He spends much of his time helping skippers with their sails. He makes mental notes—so his friend Collins says—on how the next sail for that particular boat should be cut.

In 1949 Hood was a year away from graduation at Wentworth Institute in Boston. He decided to try sailmaking full time. His total resources were himself, one stitcher and a lot of faith. The first sails were laid out in a room over a tavern in a building picturesque even by Marblehead standards. It was located on State Street, one of the town's narrow, hilly and cobbled streets. When he started making money, Ted moved to a larger place a few feet from the ocean down on Marblehead's craggy, rock-laden Little Harbor. Here he set up looms to weave his own cloth. He doesn't think anyone can make cloth the way he wants it, so he weaves his own—the only sailmaker who does.

As Hood's sails became known, so did his sailing. In 1951 he took the first of four consecutive titles in the elite Marblehead International class fleet ("We did fair," says Ted).

In 1956, during his preparations for the U.S. Olympic trials, Hood practically deserted sailmaking. He and Collins and Don McNamara, a hot racer in the Boston-to-Marblehead area, persuaded well-known Marblehead architect Ray Hunt to plan a new 5.5-meter, *Quixotic*, for expenses only. Hood employed a local carpenter who used the same tools his grandfather used in building the old Bedford whalers. *Quixotic* did supremely well in the trials, and to win, Hood needed only to finish better than last in the final, deciding race. Midway in the course a shackle parted and the sail on Hood's boat dropped into the cockpit. He finished last.

"It was depressing," said Hood afterward, "to sit there and try to figure out what to do."

Hood seldom seems ruffled. He sits at the helm with a small smile on his face, watching the sails and the wind. Collins recalls one race when Ted was in the lead but the time limit was running out fast, and the wind was dying just as fast. As the boat inched for the finish, two of the crew, a married couple inexperienced in sailing, walked artlessly about, knocking the wind out of the sails and throwing the boat off balance. Hood said nothing, showed no temper and won the race with 20 seconds to spare under the time limit.

North American champion

This is the same quality that enabled Hood, a week after what should have been the shattering experience of losing an Olympic berth by mishap, to successfully enter the preliminaries for the North American sailing title. He squeaked ahead in the final and became the 1956 North American sailing champion. "It was a drifting match," he recalls, "but we won."

George O'Day, who imports and builds popular-size racing craft, and Hood raced against each other last year in the Olympic trials in what yachting columnist Leonard Fowle called "one of yachting's great all-time competitions." Hood and O'Day were one-two all the way for the 5.5-meter-class Olympic berth. In the last race they were only 97 Olympic points apart, the difference between fourth and fifth place. In the deciding moments Hood lost by a whisper.

He made no excuses. "It was a question of who beat who. Suppose I'll

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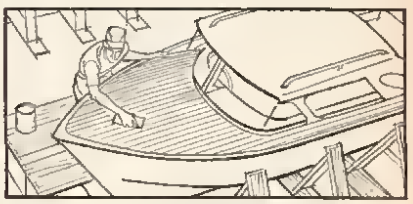


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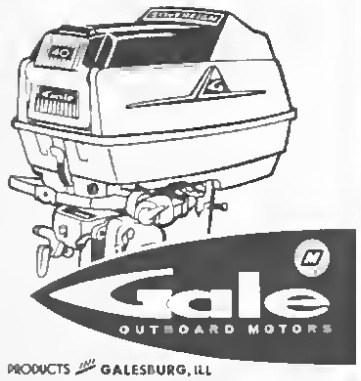
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Ted Hood *continued*

give it another try in four years," said Ted.

In the meantime, Hood has been developing his third talent as a man of boats: designing. "I was always interested in building a boat," he told a visitor not long ago. "At 16 I was going to build a 60-footer, but I ended up hammering together a 12-foot dinghy.

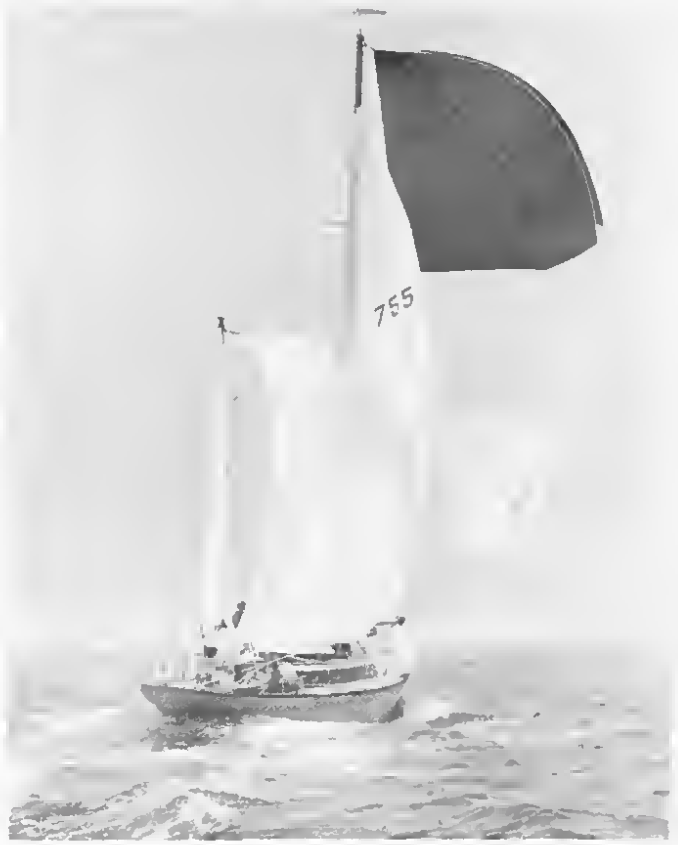
"I'd just sketch away some nights," said Hood when asked how he conceived his first design for a big boat. He took the drawings to his engineer father, Stedman Hood, and the two of them came up with what Ted calls "Just a good comfortable cruising boat." But *Robin*, a centerboard sloop, turned out to be more than that. In the 1959 Astor Cup she outraced, boat for boat, all the entries in her division, all the boats in the next larger division, all but three in the next to largest and four boats in the largest division. Her handicap easily gave *Robin* the overall win.

Then Ted sold *Robin* and busied himself with new designs. Last summer he came up with not one, but four *Robin*-type boats, built for him in Japan. "Couldn't afford to waste the money on testing models," said Hood when asked why he wanted four. Translated, this meant he wanted to try various rigs, decide which was best and sell the others.

He put a yawl rig on one, named it *Robin* after his first design, and the week it was launched it took a first and a second in the Edgartown Regatta off Martha's Vineyard, and three firsts including the 1960 Astor Cup in the New York Yacht Club races. Back in Marblehead again, *Robin* took three more firsts. It almost made a chatterbox of Ted. "I was pleased to see her go so well," he said.

He is reticent about plans to market more *Robin*-type hulls and sails to go with them, meeting all questions with, "I guess I could . . ." and "I might if I sell these . . ."

Marbleheaders are betting that by the time his four boats are gone there will be others on the way and Hood will be solidly established as a boat designer. Their only question is whether he will want his own forest for wood, and his own sawmill. **END**



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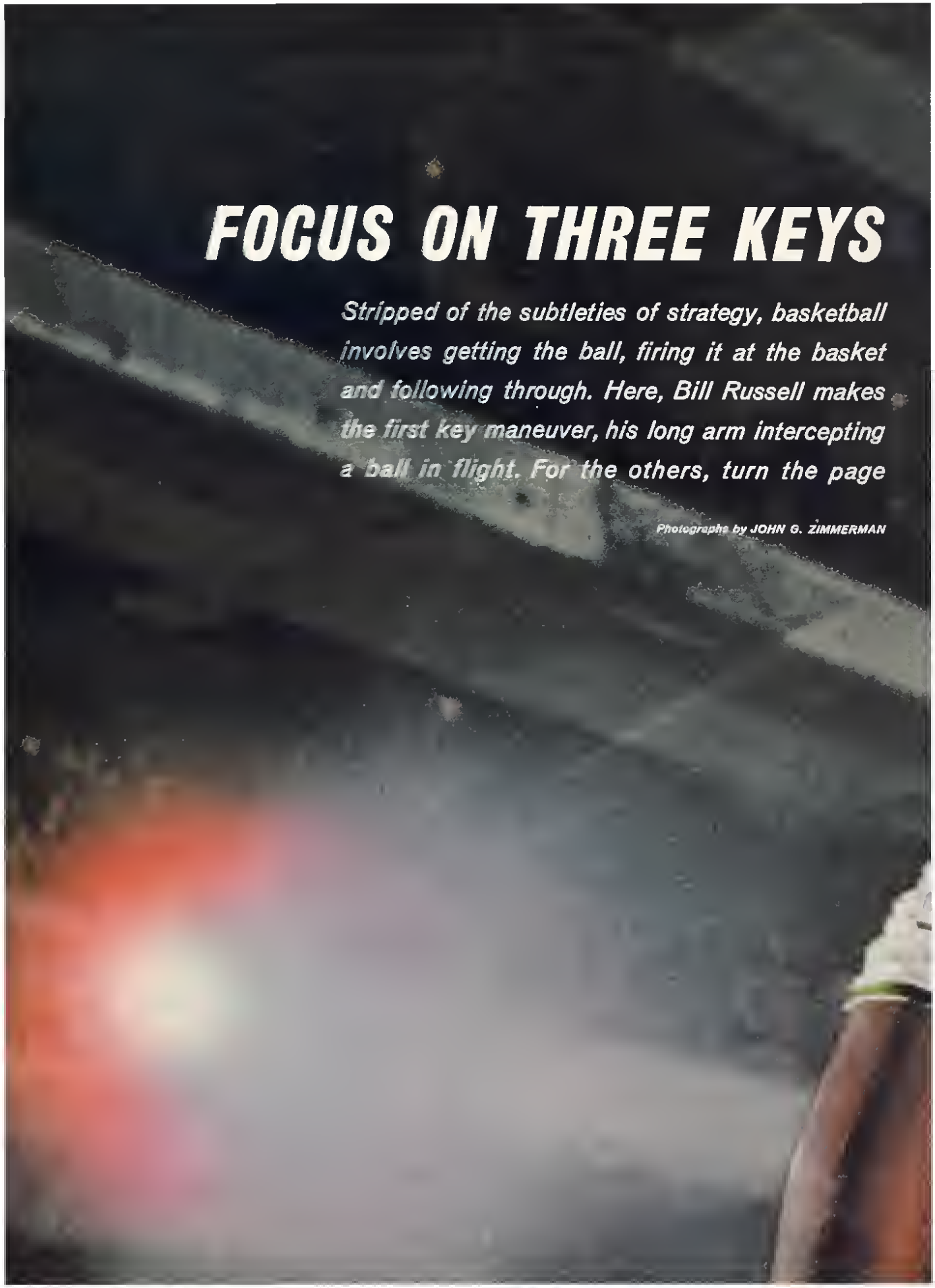
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Stripped of the subtleties of strategy, basketball involves getting the ball, firing it at the basket and following through. Here, Bill Russell makes the first key maneuver, his long arm intercepting a ball in flight. For the others, turn the page

Photographs by JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

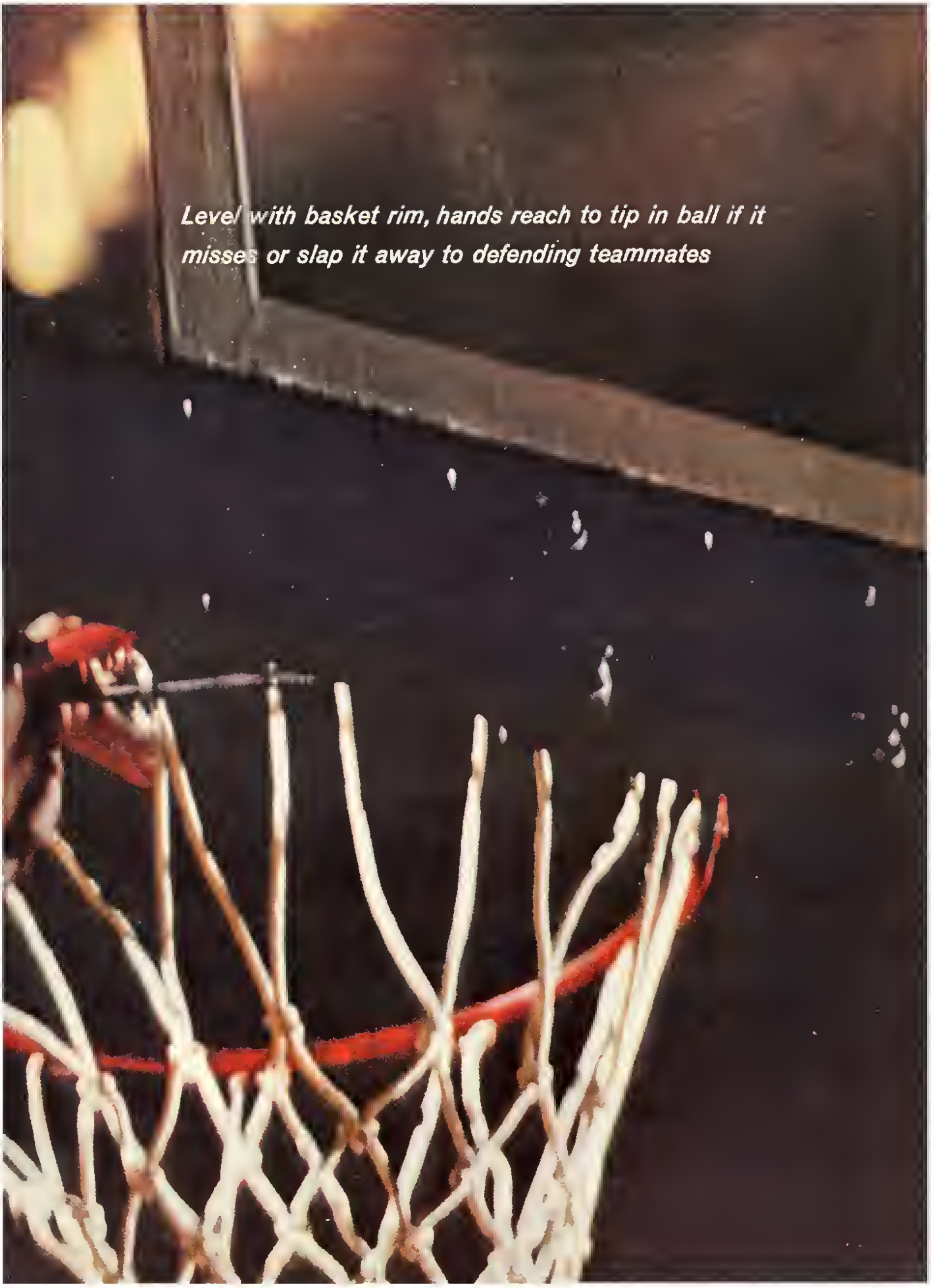






Protecting the ball with shoulder and hip, Tom Heinsohn gauges distance in preparation for hook shot





Level with basket rim, hands reach to tip in ball if it misses or slap it away to defending teammates

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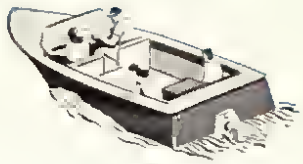
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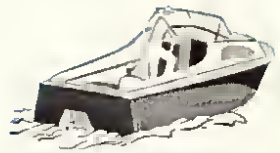
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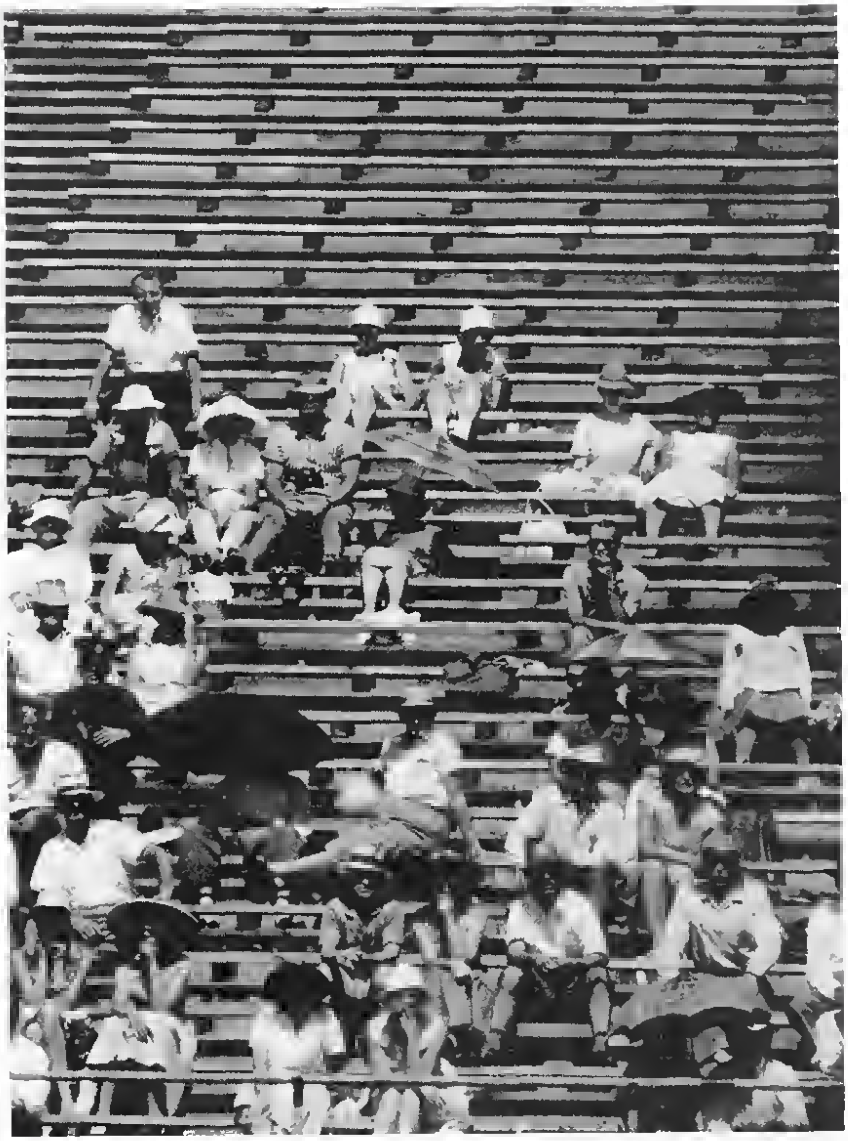
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The Inboard Engine with the Outboard Drive
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TENNIS / *William F. Talbert*

The cup runneth out

Tennis Editor Bill Talbert last week returned from Sydney, where he saw the Davis Cup Challenge Round between Australia and Italy. Here are the conclusions he has drawn from that fiasco:



A TENNIS BALL FLOATS ALMOST UNNOTICED BEFORE AN APATHETIC WHITE CITY CROWD

If any further proof were needed that amateur tennis is on the skids, it was forthcoming in abundance during the 1960 Davis Cup play in the most tennis-minded city of the most tennis-minded country in the world. The Italians had captured the world's imagination with their victory over the Americans at Perth the week before and with their two strikingly different heroes—Orlando Sirola, the relaxed, laughing giant, and Nicola Pietrangeli, the tense, emotional Roman.

Everywhere in the big stadium at White City there were signs in Italian —*Scala* for stairs, *Signori* for the men's rooms—intended to accommodate the thousands of Italian-Australians expected to swarm into the huge stadium. But the Italians stayed home (SI, Jan. 9) and so did the Anglo-Australians. On opening day the hot Australian sun beat down on 5,000 empty seats in the stadium (*above*). The vacant temporary stands gaped like an ugly cavity.

While the players slopped about the courts, spectators wandered from their seats to grab a few beers at the club lounge. Others decided to take afternoon tea at home.

The play itself was as empty as the stands. Sirola won the first set from Wimbledon Champion Neale Fraser, but fell into a double-faulting slump (he served 12) and shuffled his way to an uninspired defeat. Pietrangeli looked as though he were weighted down with *pasta*. Rod Laver beat him easily in three straight sets.

Even in doubles, where the Italians placed their greatest hopes, there was no contest. Fraser and Roy Emerson won in four sets to clinch the Davis Cup for Australia on the second day.

By the final day, when Pietrangeli, under no tension, struck top form and beat Fraser, it no longer mattered. What should have been the world's greatest tennis show—the 48th Davis Cup Challenge Round between Australia, the holder, and Italy, the surprise challenger—had flopped.

Officials tried to explain away the emptiness and boredom in the stands by the fact that the Americans were not playing. "Everybody likes to beat the Yanks," said one man. "And why not?" asked Australia's Prime Minister Robert Menzies with a broad smile. But such glib dismissals of the sorry show at White City were attempts to ignore an obvious truth: even in Australia, a dominant force in Davis Cup play for two decades now, amateur tennis is dying fast.

Always in the past the Challenge Round had created a carnival spirit. The last time the Davis Cup was contested in Sydney, in 1954, 26,000 fans shouldered their way into White City to watch Vic Seixas and Tony Trabert take the trophy from Australia's Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall. Not so in 1960. Not so, I am sure, in 1961 or 1962.

While the supposedly world-champion players from Australia and Italy worked out at White City almost in private, devotees flocked around the side courts near by to watch the professionals practicing. Promoter Jack Kramer's No. 1 attraction, Pancho Gonzales, sharpened his shots under the critical eye of his new bride. Alex

Olmedo, the Peruvian who won the Davis Cup for America in 1958, sauntered lazily between clubhouse and courts. Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall worked out with the Australian team. The two newest additions to the pro ranks, Barry MacKay and Butch Buchholz, tuned up with Andres Gimeno of Spain.

In the swank, modern Chevron Hilton Hotel in the center of Kings Cross, where both the Australian and Italian teams were headquartered, the Davis Cup players lounged around the lobby almost unnoticed while guests shuffled past them to seek autographs from dark-skinned West Indies cricket stars.

One incident served to point up not only what was wrong at White City last month but what is wrong today with all of tournament tennis. On Wednesday, after the doubles match had been played, Gonzales was practicing on a back court with MacKay, Buchholz and Gimeno while an exhibition match between Sergio Tacchini of Italy and Bob Mark of Australia was going on in the stadium. Fans trooped out of the stadium to watch the pros. One of the Challenge Round organizers left his chair and went to the back court.

"You boys must get off," he said.

Gonzales flushed with anger, but he and his companions gathered their rackets and left the premises. Later Pancho said, significantly, "You'll never see me on these courts again." If tournament tennis is to survive it must welcome *all* its champions, it must find room for the players the people want to see.

As I watched the Australians and the Italians plod through their pathetically dull and meaningless matches in Sydney, I could not help thinking what excitement the professional players practicing near by could have given the Davis Cup competition. Suppose one of the matches had involved Pancho Gonzales or Lew Hoad or even the young cup hero of two years ago, Olmedo? I say let the pros play in all the tournaments, even the Davis Cup. If this violates the provisions of Dwight Davis' deed of gift, perhaps the deed could be changed. Let the amateurs play without remuneration—as amateur golfers do—to help their countries and the game. They'd be glad to, I'm sure, and everyone would benefit. Most of all, the game of tennis. **END**



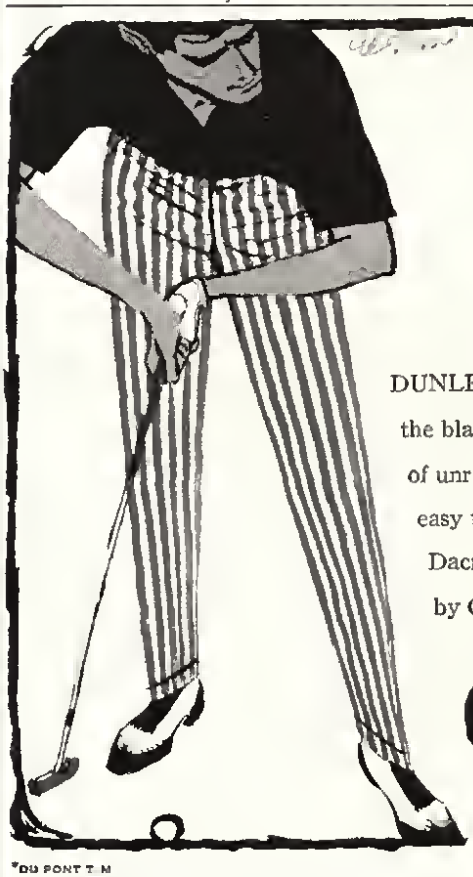
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Olympians indoors

The board-track season starts this week, complete with a leading lady straight from Rome

America's 73rd indoor track season opens on a transcontinental note this weekend with full-scale meets in Boston and Portland, Ore., 2,540 miles apart. The usual host of male stars will be on hand for the winter program, but a happy new note will be added by a woman—Olympic heroine Wilma Rudolph. This is the first time since the early '30s, when the Polish-American Olympic star Stella Walsh ran indoors, that a female has challenged the traditional box-office strength of the men.

"The Olympic Games made the name of Wilma Rudolph mean something to people," says Pincus Sober, chairman of the U.S. Men's Track and Field Committee. "Suddenly she's a star, with glamour, voted Athlete of the Year in Europe. She'll run at the Millrose Games and at Los Angeles and maybe in a couple of other meets. She's going to create a lot of interest."

"We've never had women's events before," says Marvin Thomas, director of the Chicago *Daily News* meet, now in its 25th year, "but I've been trying hard to get Wilma and her relay team. And we're not the only ones. A lot of indoor track meets are trying to get those girls."

Naturally, a girl who has just won three Olympic gold medals is going to attract plenty of interest at an indoor track meet. But even if Wilma and her Olympic relay champion teammates (all Tigerbelles from Tennessee State) cause more excitement in anticipation than in performance, this indoor season has a good deal else to recommend it. There are 19 major meets this year, more meets than ever before, and they are distributed over a greater area of the country than ever before, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C., Louisville, Cleveland, Chicago, Milwaukee, Winnipeg, Los Angeles and Portland. There will also be an unusually choice collection of foreign runners and jumpers.

"I've got acceptances from a fine list of foreign athletes," gloated the AAU's white-haired Dan Ferris in his New York office last week. "I may even get Shavlakadze and Brumel, the two Russian high jumpers who beat John Thomas at Rome, and Pyotr Bolotnykov, Russia's Olympic 10,000-meter champion."

Among those definitely set to come from abroad is Istvan Rozsavolgyi, the skinny, popular Hungarian who was the bronze medalist in Herb Elliott's world-record-breaking 1,500 meters at Rome. Rosy has been here twice before and pushed Ron Delany to his indoor mile record of 4:01.4 during the 1959 season. Also coming are Terry Sullivan, a tall, thin, mustachioed Southern Rhodesian who looks like one of Ernest Hemingway's white hunters and who has among his trophies a 3:59.8 mile and wins over top U.S. Milers Dyrol Burleson and Jim Grelle; Roger Moens, the high-strung Belgian who was second in the Olympic 800-meter run and who still holds the world record of 1:45.7 for that distance; Ireland's Ron Delany, out of action last winter and a big disappointment at Rome but undefeated in 34 consecutive indoor miles and now back in first-class condition; Murray Halberg, New Zealand's lame-shouldered Olympic 5,000-meter champion, due to run this weekend in Portland and who last week in California set a U.S. two-mile record of 8:40.8; and two others already in school here: Australia's Al Lawrence, the Houston junior who holds the indoor two- and three-mile records, and England's Fred Norris, the 39-year-old McNeese State freshman who defeated Lawrence in the recent Sugar Bowl 5,000-meter run.



LEAN HUNGARIAN miler, Istvan Rozsavolgyi, heads a strong foreign invasion.

To match the foreign challenge the U.S. will have 30 or 40 of its Olympic team members available. "Things are shaping up too good," bubbles Fred Schmerz, directing his 39th Millrose Games. "I'll have between 25 and 30 Olympians for my meet and there's no doubt about a sellout. But there's a problem I hadn't counted on. It used to be that the Olympic stars I wanted all came from the East. Now they come from the Midwest, the Southwest and the Far West as well. My transportation costs are way up."

Some U.S. Olympians have retired or have turned professional, but among those fairly certain to appear more than once on the indoor circuit are Hurdlers Willie May and Hayes Jones; Middle-distance Runners Otis Davis (Olympic champion and world-record holder at 400 meters), Ernie Cunliffe and Jerry Siebert; Distance Runners Dyrol Burleson, Jim Grelle, Max Truex, Jim Beatty, Bill Dellinger, Deacon Jones and Pete Close; Pole Vaulter Don Bragg (still determined to clear 16 feet); Broad Jumpers Ralph Boston and Bo Roberson (both determined to leap 27 feet); and High Jumper John Thomas.

The roll of Olympic names has a classic ring to it, to be sure, but no one should be surprised if the rhythm sputters a bit before spring arrives. There is nothing a non-Olympic athlete likes better than the scalp of an Olympian. By March the list of indoor heroes will include a good share of names that no one had heard of in January. **END**

PRO FOOTBALL / *Tex Maule*

Wait till next year

Cleveland and Detroit, meeting in the Runner-up Bowl, may have previewed a more important game

"Next year, all the way," said a sweaty, jubilant Detroit Lion. He fingered the six $100 bills he had just been given as a winning player's share of the game between the second-place teams of the NFL, played in Miami's Orange Bowl. "Next year, all the money," he said.

He may very well be right. It was a strong football team that beat the Cleveland Browns, 17–16, in the first playing of the Runner-up Bowl. It is possible, in fact, that the Browns and Lions were the strongest teams in their respective divisions at the end of the regular NFL season. The Lions administered a sound thrashing to the Western Division Champion Green Bay Packers in the last game the two teams played. After Saturday's performance against Cleveland, they appeared capable of doing it again.

Indeed, the game may prove to have been a preview of next year's NFL championship game. Both of these teams are young. In the Detroit secondary defense, two of the players are rookies and both of them played very well. Bruce Maher, a first-year man from the University of Detroit, is at times fast enough to match Cleveland's fleet Bobby Mitchell stride for stride, as he did on one long pass play before knocking the ball down. Dick LeBeau—in his second year in the league but still a rookie in actual playing time—is almost as good. With the veterans of the pass defense—Yale Lary, Dick Lane and Gary Lowe—to lend the necessary leavening of experience, the combination would seem to be potentially as good as the Detroit champions of the early '50s.

In a major rebuilding program this year, Coach Paul Brown of Cleveland reshuffled his team so thoroughly that 19 of the 38-man Brown squad were new to the team. Twelve of them were rookies and three of the rookies played on the first-string defensive unit. They played well against Detroit in Miami, especially on pass defense. And the Browns lost only by the small margin of a blocked extra point. The pass from center was bobbled momentarily and the Lions' Night Train Lane picked off the kick with his head.

The Lions had intended to attack the Cleveland defense with passes, but Cleveland red-dogged more in this game than it had all year and Detroit was forced to stick to its running game. It was just as well. Nick Pietrosante, the 225-pound sophomore fullback from Notre Dame, time and again burst through the middle of the Brown defense for long gains. He was voted the outstanding player in the game.

The Lion defense similarly denied Cleveland its very strong passing attack by rushing in to harass Quarterback Milt Plum. Plum had only five passes intercepted during the 12 games of the regular season, but he suffered four interceptions Saturday, three of them by the ubiquitous, energetic Lion halfback, Lowe.

So Cleveland, too, turned to rushing and probed the Lion defenses with the thunderous drives of Fullback Jim Brown and the elusive, water-bug runs of Bobby Mitchell, who made the game's longest gain—some 80 yards—on a quick, short pass from Plum.

"This is the most spirited team I've ever coached," said George Wilson, the head Lion, after the game. "We lost our first three games this year while the kids were getting to know each other. If we'd gotten another crack at the Packers in a division playoff, we could have beat them." END

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Living high on the high seas



Too many ambitious yachtsmen are frightened away from ocean cruising by a lubberly supposition: that those who go down to the sea in small ships must also go down to meals composed exclusively of hardtack or stale sandwiches. Not so.

Carleton Mitchell, skipper of the cruising yawl "Finisterre," three times winner of the Newport-Bermuda Race and a man with a discriminating palate, herewith suggests the proper way to stock a well-found ship's galley before putting to sea

Every pastime that lures its devotees into the outdoors has a few hair-shirt characters who think it necessary to rough it, even gastronomically. Whether they are hunting or camping or fishing or cruising, their only thought of food is, "Open another can of beans."

Beans—some beans—are fine, and there is no reason why food fetishists should be allowed to interfere with the fun at hand. But good eating is pleasure, too, and in a small boat on the ocean a hot, palatable meal and a dry, warm bunk can often make the difference between joy and misery.

Having had the good fortune to

spend a fair percentage of my life beyond the range of supermarkets or even ice, I have given much thought to the basic supplies that form what might be called de luxe iron rations. The items on such a list must be able to last for several weeks without refrigeration, granted a cool and well-ventilated locker. Their number must be kept reasonably small for ease of stowage, but they must be flexible enough to form the ingredients for more than one dish. The primary purpose of these rations is not to maintain life in an emergency but to provide independence from civilization, to permit swinging at anchor extra days in some secluded harbor, to compensate for dispiriting calms on an ocean passage.

Obviously, such a larder must depend heavily on canned items, supplemented by a few dried foods. For example, one item on the list is canned chicken sections. These may be curried, served with cream sauce, heated with stewed fresh vegetables or stripped from the bones and combined with chow mein vegetables and rice for a Chinese meal. Similarly, rice may be bubbled golden in butter in a frying pan, added to clear bouillon (made from a can or a cube) or sweetened to make a dessert pudding. With a few slivers of onion and truffle, the same rice can become a creditable pilaf, or one can blend it with freshly grated Parmesan cheese for a fine *risotto*.

Salad presents more of a challenge to the seagoing cook, but cabbage keeps well for slaw, and some canned vegetables—baby string beans, beets, hearts of palm and asparagus, for example—drained and marinated with diced fresh onions in the right tart French dressing can taste as though they had come right from the farm. Cheeses such as Dutch Edam and Italian Parmesan keep indefinitely, and the latter, grated immediately before using, glorifies an amazing variety of dishes. Fresh milk and cream can never be truly duplicated, of course, but dried skim milk, with powdered cream added to provide richness and body, makes a perfectly satisfactory substitute for cooking, even in sauces.

Eggs are no problem at all in the shipboard larder, since they will stay fresh for weeks when coated by an invisible film of plastic. Neither is bread, if you get the white and whole wheat canned by Horlamus of Miami. Canned butter is virtually indistinguishable from fresh.

How many dishes for how many meals can be prepared from this list? Frankly, I don't know. I have been experimenting with seagoing menus for a long time and I still come up with new variations. Granted, you may miss that thick rare steak, but if you use this list with imagination you won't be gastronomically bored.

I have included brand names wherever I considered them necessary to guarantee a form or flavor I personally prefer—not that other brands may not be equally good.

'FINISTERRE'S' DE LUXE IRON RATIONS

SOUP

Chicken and beef bouillon cubes (Knorr-Swiss); clam chowder (Snow); concentrated mushroom, tomato, green pea, black bean, beef consommé (Campbell); chicken consommé (White Rose).

FISH

Tuna; lobster; crab (Japanese or Alaskan); anchovy fillets; sardines; minced clams (Snow).

MEAT

Ham (Danish or Dutch in small sizes); chicken sections (Randall); beef cubes with gravy (Friend); roast beef (Swift); corned beef; dried beef; tongue (Derby); frankfurters, Canadian bacon (Greentree); salt pork and bacon in slab.

DAIRY

Plastic-coated eggs; canned butter (Viking); powdered skim milk (Starlac); powdered cream (Pream); evaporated milk (Carnation), Edam cheese; Parmesan cheese (in chunk).

FRESH VEGETABLES

Onions, potatoes, carrots, turnips, leeks, cabbage, garlic.

CANNED VEGETABLES

Small green peas; baby lima beans; baby string beans; asparagus; whole-kernel corn (Green Giant); baby beets; whole tomatoes (Hunt); tomato paste; tomato aspic; sweet potatoes (dry pack); Boston-style beans (B & M); mushrooms (B in B); hearts of palm; sauerkraut; truffles; chow mein vegetables (meatless pack) and Chinese noodles.

DRIED VEGETABLES

Split green peas, yellow peas.

PASTA, BREAD, ETC.

American noodles; Italian spaghetti; rice (Uncle Ben's); instant mashed potatoes (French); white and whole-wheat bread (Horlamus); plain croutons (S.S. Pierce); Swedish crisp rye bread (Ry-King, yellow label); crackers in tins (Keebler); quick-cooking oatmeal.

CONDIMENTS, COOKING NEEDS

Salt; black pepper (whole corns); coffee; tea; instant cocoa (Nestlé); catsup; chili sauce; Worcestershire sauce; powdered English mustard (Colman); prepared mustard; mayonnaise (Hellman's); olive oil (Old Monk); vegetable oil (Mazola); vegetable shortening (Crisco); vinegar; gelatin; Tabasco; soy sauce; chutney (Major Grey's); capers; white and brown sugar; vanilla extract; all-purpose flour; baking powder; lemon and lime juice (in plastic containers), MSG (Ac'cent); spices (curry powder, thyme, basil, orégano, bay leaves, paprika, saffron, nutmeg, cinnamon, cayenne pepper).

DESSERTS, ETC.

Noncooking instant chocolate and vanilla pudding (Jell-O); plum pudding; pound cake (Vacuum); shortbread (Keiller); assorted cookies (Peek Frean); jams and marmalade; nuts (peanuts, almonds, walnuts); honey; molasses; maple syrup.

FRUITS

Canned grapefruit sections, pineapple rings, baked apples, Kadota figs, cherries; fresh apples; dried fruit (raisins, prunes, apricots, peaches, figs).

JUICES

Orange-grapefruit, prune, pineapple, tomato and/or V-8.

BAR

For cooking and dining: rum, wines and cordials, as desired. **END**

For the Kellys and O'Rourkes

Notre Dame tries to put its team on display before alumni all around the country, so Coach John Jordan always faces the toughest of schedules

John Jordan, Notre Dame's basketball coach, normally is a peaceable blue-eyed Irishman with a ready smile and a gregarious way. At 50 he displays the pear-shaped paunch and philosophical passivity of an aging plainclothes detective, which he might well have become. At the Hoosier Classic tournament in Indianapolis recently he seemed to be sitting with characteristic quietness, watching his listless team being pummeled by Purdue. But a close observer could see that Jordan's complexion, which is normally a sort of peach pink, was changing to, literally, apple red and plum purple.

When his team fled to the dressing room at half time Coach Jordan was in hot pursuit, followed briskly by a priest. ("Last rites," said an irreverent fan.) In Jordan's 10 years of frequent ups and occasional downs at Notre Dame this was clearly a down, and just when it would have been so nice to show up the football team, which this season was Notre Dame's worst ever.

John Jordan's basketball teams, always playing in the shadow of Notre Dame football, consistently face the best teams in the country. Adolph Rupp's fearsome Kentucky is always on the schedule. This year so are North Carolina, St. John's and UCLA, all ranked among the top 10.

The reason for such a rigorous schedule is not so much to establish a good record as to put Notre Dame on display in many different cities before avid coteries of Kellys and O'Rourkes. "In a sense, we are a national school, like Army and Navy," Jordan explains, "so we try to play a national schedule." This coast-to-coast consciousness has the disadvantage of putting Notre Dame on the road a lot, where basketball teams tend to get beaten. It has one advantage, however. "I can go recruiting, say, in Louisville, and Adolph Rupp can't ask me, 'What are you doing down here?'" says Jordan, trying hard to hide his obvious amusement. "Rupp knows I'm just looking for nice Catholic boys who want to go to Notre Dame."

This year Jordan's nice Catholic boys come from such diverse locales as Philadelphia, New York, Washington, D.C., Chicago and—yes, Adolph—Louisville.

Jordan believes in rugged defensive basketball, and the size of his team reflects this. Football coaches have cast covetous looks at more than one of his big, tough players. "When they start banging under the backboards," Jordan says, "it stands to reason the meaty man will eventually beat the bony one." Rough as a cut corn field on defense, and brutal as an off-tackle smash on offense, Jordan's Notre Dame teams have had many fine seasons. They won the Sugar Bowl tournament twice in succession (1954 and 1955), have been invited to the NCAA championship tournament five times and have produced a handful of All-Americas. In 10 years under Jordan they have won 173 and lost 98—which, incidentally, is better than the football team has done.

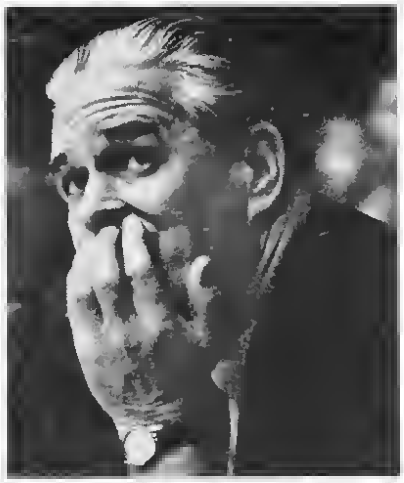
THE IRISH BATTLE for a rebound in Illinois game by making human sandwich of one frustrated opponent.



Football is still king

Not that Notre Dame will ever become a basketball school. The field house is a South Bend reconstruction of a Roman ruin: an ill-stacked pile of yellow brick, vintage 1898. It seats only 4,000, with the fans and school band so close to the floor that the slide trombone player could block a shot on a low note. All but 500 of the seats are free to students, who in return raise a din that can only be described, even at Notre Dame, as unholy. The concentrated male screaming has led some rival coaches to refuse to play at South Bend. After Rupp saw two of his best Kentucky teams lose there he swore he'd never come back again. "Not only did the student body roar at us," he complained, "but that group in black in the corner [priests and seminarians] must have been praying against us." Notre Dame now plays Kentucky on a neutral floor.

Jordan's office is no better than his basketball court. He and Assistant Coach Jim Gibbons share a tiny room in a freshman dormitory where the



JORDAN: "WIN MORE THAN YOUR SHARE"

architecture and décor are early scholastic. "We face it—and it's only right," says Jordan. "At Notre Dame football is *it*."

It was football, as a matter of fact, that brought Jordan to Notre Dame. One of the seven children of an Irish policeman, he was raised in the aromatic "back of the yards" section of Chicago. His ability at touch football so impressed a Notre Dame All-America football player that he recommended Jordan to Knute Rockne, who offered him a scholarship.

"It was the Depression," Jordan recalls. "I had taken the Chicago police examination, but so had 75,000 other unemployed men that year. School looked like a good place to be." At Notre Dame a twisted ankle caused him to give up football—with no regrets, since he was an unhappy third-string halfback. He turned to basketball, and has been in it ever since. Each year at Notre Dame he has successfully passed his own first test of coaching ability: "Win more than your share."

When Jordan's latent Irish temper exploded at the recent Hoosier Classic, it was the first outright eruption in two years of relative quiet. (The previous one was on New Year's Eve 1958, the evening his first child, a daughter, was born. On the way to the Northwestern game that night he had implored his team in the very best Rockne fashion to "win this one for Bridget." It lost 102–67, the worst defeat in Jordan's Notre Dame career). At the Hoosier Classic, he had ordered his team to "mop up the boards" against Purdue, but his players acted as if they were still full of

continued



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Christmas plum pudding. As Jordan silently turned his various shades of red, they violated every principle of defensive basketball for which he stands, trailed Purdue 38-24.

Jordan trapped the team in the dressing room. For 15 minutes he upbraided his players with shouts that threatened permanent damage to his fine Irish tenor. "You couldn't beat the Little Sisters of the Poor," he began. "You couldn't throw the ball in the ocean," he continued. "You are a bunch of quitters," he concluded.

The oration didn't work. Purdue won the game 78–58, and Notre Dame lost its fourth in a row, its longest losing streak ever under Jordan.

A new approach

The next day he told an Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce luncheon: "When the football team lost seven games they said football was back in its proper perspective at Notre Dame. We are trying to put basketball in the proper perspective, too. Or maybe," he continued, "my team saw Joe Kuharich get a five-year contract after the football season he had [2–8] and is trying to get me a long-term contract, too." Later he confided to an alumnus, "We've got to beat Illinois tonight or this team is done for the season. I got on them last night to make them mad. They got tense instead. So now I'll go easy on them."

He passed up his usual "go get 'em" speech before the game that night. Instead he told his boys: "Yesterday is all over. Now let's get back in business."

Notre Dame did. It controlled both backboards viciously, sticking to an offense designed to keep three men in position for rebounds. It crumbled Illinois with a brilliant weak-side play that let the brawny Notre Dame forwards bull their way in for lay-ups repeatedly. The Irish took an early lead and held it for a 69–66 win.

Last week, the season's toughest road trips behind him, Jordan was smiling and apparently passive again. His Notre Dame team still had a chance to please the alumni, to make the NCAA tournament and, not so incidentally, to stick an elbow into the eye of the football squad. If it succeeds, likable John Jordan will once again have won more than his share. **END**



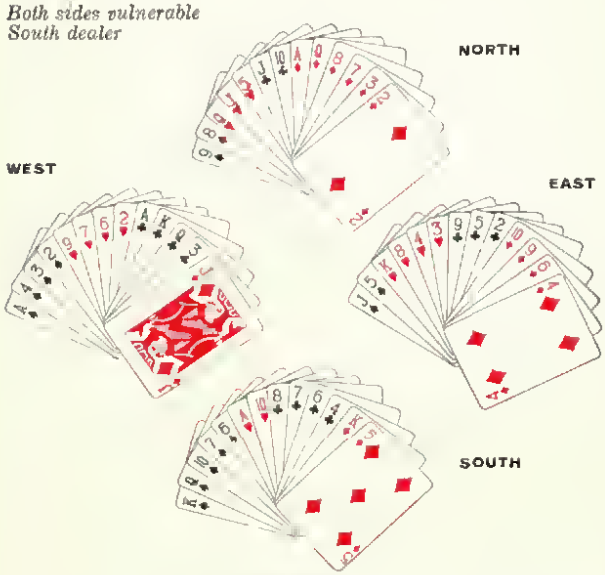
CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

Chic, charming and cool

The French make dangerous bridge opponents. Any international competitor who has been chastened by defeat knows that behind the Frenchman's disarming politeness is an intense desire to beat one's brains out. This is particularly hard to remember when competing against French women. Their invariable charm and chic often cloud their reputation as very practical players.

One such lady is Mme. Gérard Bourchtoff, wife of a member of the French team that won the first World Bridge Team Olympiad in Turin last spring (SI, May 16). As quiet and small as her more famous husband is stentorian and burly, Mme. Bourchtoff (West) demonstrated a practical approach to the problem she encountered in the defense of the following hand. It was her job to find an entry to her partner's hand—which required some cool calculation.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	2♦	PASS
2♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: jack of diamonds

The hand was played in a match-point pair game. In this kind of competition a score of minus 200 points is usually the kiss of death, because it is more than the opponents could probably earn from any part-score contract of their own.

Mme. Bourchtoff made her first bright move when she led the singleton jack of diamonds, declining the more obvious king of clubs lead. This decision must have been inspired by feminine intuition; if she had chosen the "safe" lead of the king of clubs, the contract could not have been defeated.

Declarer won the first trick with the diamond king and returned a low club, setting up the threat of a club ruff by dummy. Now, when Mme. Bourchtoff won the queen of clubs, if she knocked out dummy's trumps by cashing her ace and leading another spade, declarer could draw the defenders' remaining trumps, go to dummy with a diamond, discard a club loser on the third diamond and take a successful heart finesse, making three-odd. But West did not make that mistake.

Instead, she led a low trump. East's jack forced declarer's king. Another club lead was won by the club king, and West cashed the ace of spades, removing dummy's remaining trump. Next came the daring but essential play of the 3 of clubs.

Mme. Bourchtoff recognized that South must hold the ace of hearts as part of the required strength for his opening bid. Hence, the only hope of getting partner on lead was to find him with the club 9.

She led her small club, and East was somewhat surprised when his 9 won the trick, but he was in no doubt about what to return. His diamond lead was ruffed by West, the ace of clubs was cashed for the setting trick, and then West threw declarer back into his own hand by leading her last trump.

Thus deprived of ever making a lead from dummy (once he had failed to win the first trick with dummy's diamond queen), declarer now had to surrender a trick to the heart king, and went down the magic number—two tricks, 200 points.

EXTRA TRICK

Don't be a blind hoper. Give your opponents credit for holding the high cards their bidding indicates. Then, if you believe there is a chance your partner could have the card that will lead to the setting trick, play him for it. No matter how daring your play may seem, it is worthwhile. **END**

THE INVISIBLE CHAMPION

by GILBERT ROGIN

When Floyd Patterson regained the heavyweight title, he said he would abandon his reclusive ways. But he is still a rarely seen, usually misunderstood, champion. Here, in a retrospective look at Floyd in the last days before Ingo licked him, is the form and substance of the man

The day he was to fight Ingemar Johansson for the first time, Floyd Patterson, then 24, had three eggs scrambled soft, double order of bacon, double toast buttered, three cups of jelly, tea and Coke for breakfast. Bunyan, a sparring partner he was playing rummy with, had three pork chops, spinach, mashed potatoes, double bread, large orange and tea. I wrote it down in my nickel notebook (and found it there today, irrelevant and passionless as an old shopping list) not for the convenience of history but so I could order it from room service. Patterson was staying at the Edison, a midtown New York hotel where he had been since he left Ehsan's Training Camp in Chatham Township, N.J. the night before, conveyed in a gloomy Cadillac with windows tinted like Coca-Cola bottles. It was the official car of the mayor of Mount Vernon, N.Y., a suburb where Patterson's parents and many of his 10 brothers and sisters live in a house Floyd has bought for them. The mayor was, in a word, expansive, and as Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager, once said of someone else, "he used to be a former fighter." The Cadillac was driven by a Mount Vernon policeman who wore a tight and glorious uniform which was much admired. Two Mount Vernon detectives, one Negro, one white, rode shotgun. They were to serve Patterson as bodyguards; that is, they prevented well-wishers from shaking his hand on the theory that some wise guy, gambler, nut or agent of the International Boxing Club, which D'Amato was battling at the time, would try to crunch it. Patterson, like many other prizefighters, offers a soft, gentle, inert and vulnerable hand. It is like shaking hands with an infant or the dead. You have to do all the work.

That afternoon Patterson sat by an open window, flowered drapes billowing at his back, watching an old cowboy movie on the TV as he ate breakfast and played cards. He wore a T shirt with the mythical city of Everlast, N.Y. advertised on the front, and pajama bottoms. Someone knocked on the door: "Knock, Knock for Knickerbocker." It was the secret knock. Knickerbocker Beer had sponsored a radio show from Ehsan's. Floyd always knocked for the commercial, seriously rapping a table with his dark fist. It was Cus at the door. He said the fight was postponed; it had been raining all morning. "Of all the days in the world it has to rain," Floyd said. "Buster, do me a favor and call my mother and tell her not to come down, that the fight's off." Buster Watson was, ex officio, Patterson's assistant trainer. He had a round, shaved, shining head, a sharp wardrobe, which included a plaid trench coat, and a Cadillac he wouldn't let you touch. He said it left fingerprints. "I sure wish I was a pigeon," Buster said, looking out the window. "I fly around and see what's going on." "Can't they hire a man to wipe the seats?" Floyd asked plaintively.

The next day, the day of the fight, we—meaning Dan Florio, Patterson's

Photographs by Wil Blanche

trainer, Buster, Bunyan, Floyd and I —went for a walk in Central Park. As though Floyd were the Pied Piper, an increasingly numerous band of strangers tagged along. One man asked Floyd how much the seats to the fight cost. "For $5," Floyd told him, "you need spyglasses. For $10 you need regular glasses, but Ingemar and I will look like ants. For $30 you can see the blows but no facial expressions. For $40 you can see our facial expressions. For $50 you get the real blow-by-blow, and for $100, when I get off my stool you can set right down on it." Floyd watched a woman in the park tear up a newspaper she had been reading and leave the remains on the bench. "Evil people," he said. "She tore that paper in half so no one could read it. You'd think people'd grow up and learn, but they don't." As we walked back to the hotel, Dan kept trying to get Floyd to wear his hat although it was a mild day. Dan was more than a trainer, he was a nanny, a major-domo. After he fired the cook at Ehsan's because, among other things, he could only cook meat one way —burned—he and Buster did the cooking. Dan was an obliging, solicitous, tidy little man. He would be in the kitchen late at night wrapping steaks for the freezer. "If I don't know what Floyd's doing," he said, "it rests my mind." On weekends, when Ehsan's was crowded with reporters, Cus's friends and hangers-on, many of whom wanted to be fed, Dan's good nature was put to the test. "This is a hell of a time to make a sandwich when I'm squeezing oranges for the champion of the world," he told a visitor one time, "but I'll do it." Among the visitors was a certain species of person from Harlem Floyd called "125th-Streeters." They were full of flash, schemes, moves, easy confidences, talk and laughter. "They're bad people," Floyd said. One 125th-Streeter, at Ehsan's for the

continued



Locked in his thoughts, Floyd wistfully regards the rain falling beyond Ehsan's porch

day, insisted that he wanted to throw horseshoes, although Floyd patiently explained that there was no court or shoes, "unless," he said, "you want me to be a horseshoe and throw me." Once when the dining room at Ehsan's was filled with 125th-Streeters, Floyd drove to town for food to eat in his room. Dan took up pot roast on a covered plate, but Floyd petulantly refused it. Cus put some stuff in a bag and joined Floyd for dinner on his bed. "It's just like Kansas City," Cus said. In Kansas City, he explained, Floyd and he couldn't find an unsegregated place to eat so they had "picnics" in their hotel room. "I want to be accepted for what I am," Floyd has said. "If I can't be accepted legally, I don't want to be." Once a guy who was trying to impress Floyd showed him a batch of police courtesy cards and offered to get Floyd some. "Sure," Floyd said, "can you get me one of those for Mississippi and Arkansas?"

In the last year and a half I have wondered why it was Floyd lost to Johansson. Was it acedia—torpor and apathy? I remember Floyd asking himself after a workout, "Why did I look the way I did? What was the purpose? Why do I get bored? Oh, my. Even when the competition is not great a champion is supposed to show his hand." And another time: "It was kind of boring today. I been boxing these guys for two weeks. By changing sparring partners it gets more interesting. But then, I might be boring these guys, too. I know what they can do, so I'm swinging wide. I know they can't hit me." "We'll get you some fresh ones," Dan promised, but they never came. Was it, too, a kind of indolence, a kind of compassion and security of soul brought on by the hapless Roy Harris and Brian London, his previous two opponents? "When you're fighting a man," Floyd said once about Harris, "and look up in his eyes and see only flesh. . . ." And about London: "What I heard about London, I thought he would ram, butt, kick, emasculate." Of course, London did nothing but cower pitifully behind his high, red gloves. "You don't feel right beating a man up like that," Floyd said. "Any man that's a human being feels sorry for someone that offers no opposition." A reporter once said to Floyd, "You couldn't have liked yourself after the London fight." "I didn't hate myself," Floyd said. "You were missing too much," the reporter insisted. "I wasn't missing," said Floyd, "when I got my check."

Floyd often mused about money. "I can see 20s, 50s, 100s marching around up there," he said one day, "in rotation. But I won't invest unless I get a piece of paper guaranteeing me a profit, and since they don't do that, I guess I won't be investing for a long time." But though he liked to joke, he didn't like to get hit or to miss. "I never give pain a second thought," he said. "But I hate to get hit. It's not the pain, it's the embarrassment; it even gets embarrassing to miss. I hope, though, I never have to prove I can take a punch." A reporter told him that Ingemar had knocked Eddie Machen out with a blow on the top of the head. "I'll have to look out for top-of-the-head punches then," Floyd said. He took Ingemar, if not lightly, not with gravity either. "There's no such thing as a lucky punch," Floyd told the reporters when they said that was how Ingemar had beaten Machen. "It's only a punch you don't see coming. Maybe I'll get caught nice and good and that'll wake me up."

At Ehsan's, Floyd shared a room with Buster, three portable record players and a portable TV on which, he told us in wistful wonder, "that Mike Hammer really comes up with them." When the arm of one of this record players didn't work properly, Floyd told the repairman, "It doesn't move with any grace." At night, when Floyd served us ice cream and pop in his room, Buster would tell, in his hoarse, inexhaustible voice, stories of involved outrages and foibles, and rock and writhe on the floor in his undershirt, like a beetle on its back, laughing. "I died, I died, I nearly died," Buster would gasp from the floor. On his camp bed Floyd would hold his pillow to his stomach as though, without it, his laughter, like flood water, would burst violently through.



Trainer-Cook Dan Florio fixes breakfast

In Floyd's room at Ehsan's in the last nights before the fight, we were:

1) Mickey Alan, a friend of Floyd's who had been a fighter and who sang, throbbingly, in obscure Queens nightclubs. His photograph, with abundant, romantic hair, appeared in their advertisements in the *New York Mirror* on Fridays. If Floyd won the fight Mickey was to appear on the *Ed Sullivan Show* with him. The day after his audition Mickey returned to Ehsan's in a triumphant blue suit he had bought for his TV debut. "I'm on the *Ed Sullivan Show*," he said. "Hold on," said Floyd, who often speaks like one of the Rover Boys. "Ingemar has to give you his permission. You don't make it unless I make it. You passed with flying colors. Now it's up to me."

2) Michael Giacco, a sculptor from Allentown, Pa. who was doing a bust of Floyd as one of a set of the heavyweight champions. He measured distances on Floyd's face with an immense pair of wooden calipers. He said Floyd's heroic bust was worth $750. "You mean," Floyd said, "that someone will buy my head for $750!"

3) Bunyan, sometimes, Cus and me.



Manager Cus D'Amato interrupts cooking to lecture Ehsan Karadag, owner of training camp



Buster Watson flashes his celebrated grin

While we ate Floyd's ice cream, Tiger Jones, who also was training at Ehsan's, and his trainer, Jack Friday, silently played rummy in their cottage next door. Friday had lost 50 pounds eating banana sandwiches. He was deflated, partially collapsed like the pale, mysterious rubber balls which were heaped in a bowl, much like a centerpiece, in Ehsan's dim dining room. I often wondered who had played with them. "If you scrape the bananas with a spoon," Friday said, "you get more vitamins." Friday said he had been told to lose at cards to keep the Tiger happy. He had a despairing look because he won and because his skin hung like dewlaps from eating all those banana sandwiches.

The Tiger talked of getting out of boxing and into electronics. "Electronics," he would say, "is the field with the future. Everything in the universe is controlled by electrons. I'm not looking for the title any more. I can't eat it. I lost my love." The Tiger liked to talk about his flower garden in Yonkers, N.Y., for which his love was constant. He said he let his four-o'clocks overrun his gladioli so that he had flowers until the first frost. Cus and the Tiger argued why Albert Einstein had worn his hair so long. "At that age," Cus said, "Einstein regarded his appearance as unimportant." "He always regarded his work as more important than his appearance," the Tiger said. He was a minor philosopher in Bermuda shorts. "There are two words I don't like," he once said. "Normal and average. They don't mean nothing."

When a reporter described Floyd's quarters as "dilapidated" and "shabby," Floyd defended them. "I like a little sloppiness," he said. "It's a nice place, conservative." Patterson was dubious, suspicious of reporters. One once asked Floyd to dinner at his home, envisioning, no doubt, a homey off-the-record atmosphere—"where I'll forget I'm a writer and you'll forget you're heavyweight champion." Floyd told me later, "I never forget I'm heavyweight champion of the world. I hope he doesn't forget he's a writer." One morning Floyd threw down a sports section he had glanced at and said bitterly: "Do you solemnly swear to condemn and criticize a man you've never seen? Today you are a reporter."

Bunyan, who had the geniality and contours of a snowman, solemnly agreed. Bunyan weighed 255 pounds, wore a new, high-domed hat, had a black eye under his sunglasses and complained about his feet. "Bunyan," Floyd told him, "you have no respect for your feet." Bunyan admired his hat. "This hat does something for me," he said. "Did you ever see an elephant with a water glass on its head?" Floyd asked me. "I came up here a wild man," Bunyan said, "and Floyd tamed me. But if I don't fight, he beats me to death. Next time I'm going to be a walking partner. But I didn't get this swollen eye from Floyd. I got it from blowing my nose." Bunyan and Floyd argued whether Finland or Sweden was the Land of the Midnight Sun. Floyd said it was Finland. "When I was in Helsinki, Finland," he said, "I slept with shutters on." Bunyan held out for Sweden. Floyd was exasperated. "Bunyan," he said, "if everybody on earth didn't have brains and you did, you'd be crazy." "I treat him like a friend," Bunyan said, "not like the heavyweight champion of the world, but sometimes he don't like that, like when I asked him to get a soda for me in town one day. When he came back he snapped his fingers and said, 'Shucks, man, I forgot.' I know he didn't forget. He was the heavyweight champion of the world. But

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next time he might get it for me, you know." While he had his bad eye, Bunyan was more a rummy partner than anything else. He lost at cards, too, though he cheated like everybody else. Once Floyd caught him messing with some cards Floyd had put down. "Never reach in another man's pie," Floyd told him. "Wait till he gives you a piece. Many a man has gone to the graveyard that way." "He beats me in the ring and out of the ring," Bunyan said.

Bunyan talked about knocking cops down in Toronto where he once spent some time and money. He also told about getting in a dice game for 75¢ and coming out with $299. "I broke the game," Bunyan said. "Those things will happen in an alley," Floyd said softly. Floyd knew all about alleys. He was born in the South but grew up in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, a tough, desolate part of the city. "He was a quiet kid," Bunyan told me. "He never ran with gangs. But he didn't go to school. Where did he go? The movies, I guess, where he could sneak in. Mrs. Patterson, she had a lot of children. Couldn't watch out for them all." Floyd once told us about the time his mother sent him to the store and he got in a fight with a gang called the Fulton Street Bishops. "They hemmed me, man," he said. "They saw I had change. I had a five. If they were going to rob, you'd think they'd rob someone they didn't know. We had a fair one. He win. He hit me 35 punches but I got in two licks. But he win. So, then someone pull a knife. My brother Billy came up and hit him in the stomach. They ran back. My brother Billy was switching a stick in front of their noses. Everybody held their ground. That happened on Kingston Avenue. My goodness! You see what kind of a place Brooklyn is. I'm glad I got my mother out of there."

Floyd also told about a big boy, "a bully," at school who tried to take away an ashtray he had made in wood shop. "The big boys didn't like me," Floyd said. "The little boys liked me. I jabbed him in the belly lightly. He hit me with a right. I remember the color. It was greenish-pink. I leapt and hit him with a left hook, which was my best punch at the time, and poo-foosh, his head hit the concrete." It was a blow Floyd had learned at the Wiltwyck School, a private school for disturbed children, and it was, of course, the forerunner of the gazelle punch. "At Wiltwyck School," Floyd said, "I put on the best boxing show. Not because I was a good fighter but because mine was the most comical. I figured the best way to hit this guy was to fly through the air. He was a little guy who could beat me. The first two times he ducked and I went right over the top rope, but next time I hit him and he was wobbling." Floyd also learned to smoke at Wiltwyck. "Camels," he told us once, facetiously, "is a fighting man's cigarette. Gives you that extra round. But I never had any liquor to drink. I don't like the smell of it. If I did I might have tried it, and then I might have liked it. There was this kid at school, though, who used to spend 15 minutes a day instructing me how to smoke. I didn't like that much, either. That made the kid mad. 'I'm taking my good time to teach you how to smoke,' he'd tell me, 'and you don't go for it. . . .' "

Floyd liked drinking tea, however. Several years ago, when he was going to England for an exhibition, he asked me whether he could get Lipton's tea there. I told him that the British are a tea-drinking people and that Sir Thomas Lipton, who invented Lipton's tea, was an Englishman. "I thought Arthur Godfrey invented it," Floyd said. "He's always talking about it." And he threw up his big hands and laughed at himself. That was at Long Pond Inn in Greenwood Lake, N.Y. Floyd used to train there and teach boxing to Satan, Geronimo, Something Wrong and Philip, which is what he called four 10-year-olds



After a hard day Floyd falls asleep in the dining room at Ehsan's



Floyd chats with stranger who interrupted drive to wish champ luck

from the neighborhood. Even when he wasn't in training, he would drive up the 50 miles to give them their lessons. One day the boys didn't come. The mouthpieces Floyd had bought them remained submerged, like some elemental marine life, in mayonnaise jars. Floyd learned later that their parents thought he was exploiting the kids and had turned them against him. Floyd is still bewildered and hurt by this. "I kept track of their marks, too," he said. "They gave me their school papers, and every few months I gave a trophy to the best boy: boxing, and how he behaved, too. You know, I told those kids that just because they knew how to box, they shouldn't pick on the kids at school. I remember one day we were all walking along the road to Warwick and this crazy boy came up and grabbed this walking stick away from one of my boys. There was something wrong with this strange kid. He was sick somehow. I looked down at my boy's hand to see if he was going to make a fist and punch him but didn't say anything. If he did, all that I had tried to do wouldn't have been any good. But he didn't, and we walked on talking among ourselves." It was at Greenwood Lake, too, that one winter afternoon I watched Floyd deliberately draw dollar signs on the misted window panes. I asked him why he did it. "So I could see out," he said softly.

Three or four days before the fight, Patterson went home to Rockville Centre, N.Y., another suburb, wearing a straw hat with CHAMP painted on the crown. Bunyan and I went along. Floyd's house is on a corner, so he has two neighbors. "My wife knows this lady here," Floyd said, "and she's spoken to this one but doesn't know her." It was a summer afternoon in late June, and robins' shadows passed quickly as wind on the high grass. A lawn was being hosed next door. Floyd, Bunyan and I assembled Floyd's new power mower. We sat on the patio in the back while Floyd gave Trina, his youngest daughter, her bottle. "Jeannie," he said to his 2½-year-old, "ask Mother for a diaper." Seneca, called Jeannie, stroked her father's combat boots. "Oh, Daddy," she said, "gosh, they're pretty shoes." After she got the diaper she climbed on Bunyan's lap and fooled with his sunglasses. "Don't be so reckless, Jeannie," Floyd told her. "Horsie, horsie," said Jeannie, pointing at Bunyan. Floyd laughed. "That's no horsie," he said, "that's a human being." We had supper in the dining nook, which was papered with proverbs. Floyd cut Jeannie's ham and peered inside her mouth to make sure she chewed it all up. "Oh," said Sandra, Floyd's wife, when she brought the ham to the table, "you're not Jewish, are you?" I told her I was but it didn't make any difference.

Sandra is Catholic, and Floyd is a convert. "I never used to believe in nothing but me," Floyd told me once. "What I could see, I believed in: nothing else." When Floyd went to church at Ehsan's, they wanted him to take up the collection. Floyd declined. "I would have hit the basket against somebody's head," he said, "tripped, fell, spilled all the money."

After dinner Buster came to Floyd's house to take us back to Ehsan's in his precious Cadillac. Nobody said much all the way back: a long, private ride. Floyd slept, sunk in the front seat, his head against the door, as the car passed through Brooklyn, through the late, peculiar light of summer evening. In front of the dark red tenements of Atlantic Avenue children in their undershirts turned grave cartwheels. On the broad sidewalks, under the thick shade trees, was the idle, noisy congress, watching it get dark. Love songs roared with fitful passion from passing cars. The soft air blew across Floyd's still, sleeping, serious head, and the early neon washed his face with many colors. It was as though he were being borne, unrecognized, back through the streets he had come off, passing on a stoop the quiet, stubborn, roaming child who fathered him and sent him restlessly forth. Buster drove past old trees and poverty. Violet twilight lined the sky. As we came into New Jersey the sky was dark, the air under the trees darker yet, and with a new, deep coldness. "I want to live in the country someday," Floyd said. "You live a long, healthy, cleaner life. Life goes slowly. I want to own some horses and have a large family. I want to have a place where I can do everything myself. And whatever my sons want to become, outside of gangsters, I'll let them become."

When we got out of the car we listened to Ehsan's sheep coughing and bleating on the hill. It was night then. We wondered what the sheep talked about. Floyd said they talked about the same things we did. "I forgot to burp Trina," he said, and, in the fortress of his thoughts, trudged up the hill to bed.

Floyd had a way of isolating himself. He kept his watch an hour and a half fast. "My time is the time of my own world," he said. His training camp was never remote enough. "When I build a camp," Floyd once said, "you'll have to drive your car, then take a bus, then take a boat across a river and then walk two miles." He allowed himself few friends, chiefly from a horror of being surrounded by a vaguely parasitic entourage like Sugar Ray Robinson's. Though neither shy nor inarticulate and much more than street-smart, Floyd lived at a reserve, a blued and moody distance: through not wanting to be taken advantage of or used, he withdrew silently, by slow degree, like a snail, into his own interior. He did not sell himself, nor did he want to be sold. "God created only one Floyd Patterson," Cus said. "Cus thinks I'm Superman," Floyd said. "Sometimes I have to run away and shut the door."

Floyd is a sensitive man, full of chimerical or trivial hurts and grudges: like Buster's Cadillac, if you touched him you left fingerprints. Yet in the beginning of a relationship he was rigidly fair. According to a curious system, everyone he met was assigned 100 points, which was a maximum. Then he let each person work out his own level or score, usually much less than 100. "Some people around here are minus," he told me. "They owe me points." But he was artlessly generous. On our walks he would buy us bags of cherries, peaches, plums and line us up at fountains for sodas. It wasn't a big deal. It was, rather, the kindnesses of a friend who had more walking-around money than the next guy.

He was always free and easy with children. After each training session at Ehsan's, the long, shy line of children

continued



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CHAMPION *continued*

passed as he handed out autographed pictures and handshakes. One day, a little boy found his way to Floyd's room, where the champion kept boxes of pictures he had laboriously autographed at night. "Do you want a picture?" Floyd asked him. "How many pictures you got?" the child asked. "You want the television?" Floyd asked. "Truthfully," the child said, "you got any pictures?" "Yes," said Floyd. "Would you like to get it yourself or you want me to get it for you?" "Get it," the child said. Another time a boy and a girl passed him on the road. The boy recognized Floyd. "Althea," he said, "I'd like you to meet Floyd Patterson." "You're kidding me," Althea said. "Can you prove it?" she dared Floyd. Floyd was thoughtful for a moment, and then grimly serious, began shadowboxing furiously.

Ehsan's was founded by Freddy Welsh, the old lightweight champion from Pontypridd, South Wales, and perpetuated by Madame Bey and Ehsan Karadag. Madame Bey's husband was in the Turkish diplomatic service until the sultan was thrown down. Then, like other Turks, he sold rugs. Ehsan, that mild, patient man with the eyes and expression of a water spaniel, came from Istanbul, stopping first at Bensonhurst. Although he was the spindle upon which the past had fallen, he didn't talk about it much, but he did show me his water pipe and the tobacco wrapped in oilskin and told me that in Turkey the strawberries are small and pink and you can smell them a mile away. Ehsan worked among his delphiniums, roses, pansies and bachelor buttons, talked to his sheep and watched television in the dark with Pesty, the cat. Ehsan's sheep bugged Floyd's sparring partners. "All the sheep do all day long is bend down," one said. "If they don't bend one way, they bend the other," another said. The sparring partners—Billy Tate, who called everyone Baby and said peeped instead of saw; Billy Tisdale; Louis Jones, who loved babies and went to the can for holding up an East Side jazz room—were city boys, and when they came down the steep road from the gym, jaunty-stepped in their heavy shoes, paperbacks never to be finished in their hip pockets, they said they were "going downstairs." Tisdale carried for a week a book called *The Art of Thinking* (there was, mystifyingly, a hardcover edition of the same book around Ehsan's house), but then, at what Florio announced as "the farewell dinner for the sparring partners," Tisdale said he had to be at Harvard in the morning. More mystification. "The boys were good until Floyd caught up with them," Florio said. "We're going to get a beating," one of the boys said. "Do we have to stand still, too? This ain't punch me."

At night, in his papered room at the head of the stairs, Cus D'Amato could hear the sheep talking on the hill, the dogs barking far off, the water falling, falling into the pool. Hilario Martinez dug the pool for his crocodile years ago, and Hurricane Jackson lured the heavy goldfish up from the green bottom with bread crumbs and shot them with his .22. Cus heard, too, the strange, heavy, pitiful boy who carried sardine tins in his overalls and wanted to be a prizefighter, wandering among the fireflies, practicing the parts of speech. "Veronica walks. Veronica sings. Veronica talks," he chanted. "Veronica is the noun and the subject. Walks, sings, talks are the verbs." We never learned who Veronica was. "Sick people create a world of their own, because they can't become adjusted to this one," Cus said sadly.

"I turn around and I find that I am an old man," Cus said once. "I want to accomplish something before I die."

I turned and saw him lying on his bed, splendid in gold pajamas and complicated black velvet slippers, holding the real estate section of the Sunday *Times* above his head as though to keep out the rain. He would soon fall asleep reading it.

"You have," I said.

"No," Cus said, "I'm just trying. I want to leave a scratch on this old stone before I leave it, like the soldiers in the war. They didn't know what to do, so they left their names all over the place. It all must end, the good and the bad. *Cosi è guerra.*" He told me that meant this is war or this is life. He said it was the same thing.

To soothe him I said, "Everything will

be different in the morning." "Everything's exactly the same in the morning," said Cus.

"Little did I think I'd be manager of the heavyweight champion of the world," he said another time. "When I was 14 or 15 I shook hands with Jack Dempsey. I put my hand under my armpit and lined up all the kids in the neighborhood. 'Line up,' I said, 'and shake the hand that shook the hand of Jack Dempsey.' I didn't wash that hand for a week."

"I never dreamed I'd be in this position," Floyd said once. "Golden Gloves. Olympics. Who am I to complain? I became the heavyweight champion. It makes you happy to know that you're on their minds. I'm gracious and proud to accept it. That you're even on their minds . . . even if I never become good or great. I never thought I'd have that chance. I'm not a great champion. It's not that I haven't had sufficient fights. I haven't had the sufficient fight. Even if I do I won't be accepted. There's always going to be an excuse. I have to live with it and I'm satisfied. There'll always be something in the way. If I had fought Marciano before he retired they would have squeezed something in."

Although a fatalist, Floyd has no business with the stars. Cus is a No. 9 Capricorn, and Floyd is a No. 5 Capricorn. This meant something to Mrs. Cooper, who used to read to Cus out of an astrology book in Ehsan's dining room where there was a stuffed wood duck on the mantel with a Band-Aid around its bill. Mrs. Cooper had been a mistress of ceremonies or the leader of an all-girl orchestra, something like that; her husband did the Knickerbocker show with Floyd. "Capricorns are the taskmasters of the universe," Mrs. Cooper told Cus. "Capricorn is the goat. He moves slowly but surely, and if he falls he learns by his fall."

But if Floyd and Cus were both Capricorns, they were certainly not the same. "Floyd answers questions so simply and directly," said Cus, "they cannot get him wrong. I can't do that. I answer questions at great length so no one can misunderstand me. But I lack the diplomatic approach. I sound like a broken record." Floyd said: "With grown-ups you have to choose your words carefully so you don't mispronounce anything. That's why when I have to make a speech I say little and get to the point. Cus should've been a preacher."

Like most of us, neither Cus nor Floyd likes the way he looks. "I am not a handsome man," Cus said one day, touching briefly his magisterial face, broad and Roman with dark, rapid eyes. "So if a woman approaches me, I'm flattered. But I can't go out with her. I don't know who sent her." He also said he wouldn't drink at a bar, fearing someone would plant a marijuana cigarette in his pocket, or ride the subways because he might be pushed in front of a train. "Tyrone Power," said Floyd, "now there's an exceptionally handsome man, even with a long rabbi's beard on like I saw him in some movie." Another time Mickey was looking at a snapshot of Floyd. "It makes you look too serious," said Mickey. "What do you mean, I'm too serious?" Floyd said hotly. "Don't you think I'm serious?" He grabbed the photograph and studied it intently. "If I looked like that," he said, "everything would be all right." "But you do," Mickey said. "It's you!" "Your salary is raised," Floyd said. On another walk, when we had asked directions, a man told Floyd all he had to do was to follow his nose. Floyd laughed. Later we asked him why. "If I followed my nose," he said, "I'd go straight up." Although his hands were his trade, he must rarely have looked at them, for he had long nails like the Dragon Lady. "My goodness," he said the day he finally noticed them and began cutting them onto the floor. "I just cleaned this room," Mickey said. Floyd cut them in the wastebasket. He also said he had five gray hairs. "My wife found them," he said. "She didn't like them. She pulled them out."

Cus would tell me, before he put out the light, of the illusion of time, the fallibility of the senses and the expanding universe. On his dresser, alongside a packet of delphinium seeds he had bought for Sandra after admiring Ehsan's, was the *ABC of Relativity* by Bertrand Russell and *The*

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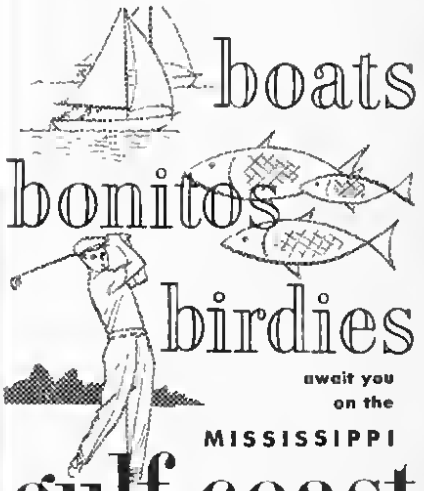
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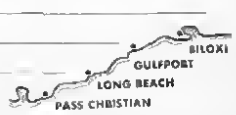
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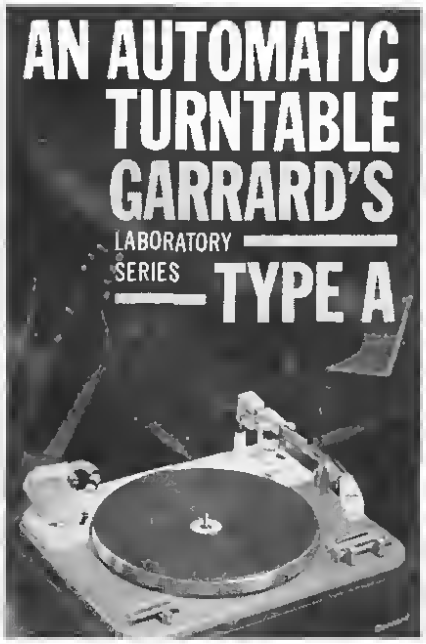
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Undiscovered Self by C. G. Jung. He told me that he had had his brother drive him to Mount Palomar when Floyd was in California training for the Harris fight. "Nobody ever knew where I went," Cus said, "but the observatory was closed. I couldn't get in."

On his night table were these books, *Rocks and Minerals*, *Trees*, *Photography*, *Sea Shores*, *Fishes*, *Weather*, *Birds*, *Insects* and *Flowers*, in a neat pile which he would fuss with and align as he talked. He had bought *Reptiles and Amphibians*, too, and given it to Floyd. I once asked Floyd why he liked snakes. "Because they're so rare," he said. "Well, not so rare but because they're different from all other animals. I like their swiftness and sharpness." He also told me of a dream he had. "Bunyan was in it, too," he said. "Bunyan was simple. He was catching snakes by the tail. 'What are you doing, man?' I said. 'That's no way to catch a snake.' One snake, he had it by the neck and was choking it. And was I mad." Floyd told me how snakes catch frogs and how they eat them. "Snakes are unhappy when they don't eat," he said. "I put a medicine dropper down their throat to feed them. But if snakes don't eat, best thing throw them away." I often asked Floyd whether he had dreamed of fighting Ingemar. He said no. But he dreamed a lot about fighting. Once, when he had walked miles to a Negro barber so he could have his hair cut for the fight, Floyd fell asleep in the chair. He awoke with a violent lurch. "I dreamt I was throwing a right hook," he said. He would tell us how he used to fall asleep on the subway, years ago, going to Cus's gym. When he awoke, he said, he found everyone staring at him. Finally, he realized that he had been throwing punches in his dream. The day before he fought Ingemar, Floyd told me of a dream he had had. He said he was home after the fight and everybody was happy. "It must have ended all right," he said.

Floyd had a great sympathy for animals. Once, on a walk, I found a dragonfly on the grass and gave it to him. He put it on the back of his hand and regarded it with fascination. Then he put it back on the lawn. "It's ill," he said and walked on. We were standing in Ehsan's garage one time out of the rain when a wasp flew in. "He's trying to get out of the rain," Floyd said, swiping at it. "I want to catch him before he puts his pin in me." He also called wasps "IBC beetles." But Floyd was frightened of moths. When they fluttered palely in his room at night, he would run, panicked, about the room, hiding his head in his hands, then take a can of Gulfspray in either hand and stalk them apprehensively. Mosquitoes bothered him, too. "If you kill one," he said once at a rummy game, "a million come to the funeral." Bunyan, who was playing in the game, slapped at his arm. "I seared that one to death," he said. "I missed him, but he died anyway." When I wanted to take a walk on the road that night, Floyd wouldn't let me go. "The cats come down from the mountains at night," he said. "They already carried three people away."

THEN one day it was over. The official car of the mayor of Mount Vernon pulled up to Ehsan's. "The party's over," Dan said. Beer cans were heaped in front of the gym. The ring was empty, soiled by shuffling feet and rosin. The ropes sagged with the turnbuckles loosed in the early, shabby light. On the old leather rubbing table were two taped water bottles, a jar of Vaseline, abandoned. I watched as they packed. "Well, this is it," Floyd said, looking back into his empty room: black wire hangers, mattresses, a full wastebasket.

As we left Ehsan's, Bunyan called out to Floyd: "When you're home tomorrow night lounging in your robe, I'll want you to know I'll be rousing. I mean, I'll be rousing." Of course none of us who walked with Floyd, or ate his ice cream, were.

The day after the fight, while eating his lunch in a delicatessen across from the Edison, Cus said that Floyd would be the first man ever to regain the heavyweight championship. His lunch was lox and cream cheese, Greek olives and French fries. This time I wrote it down for history. **END**

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

With holiday tournaments over, most of the nation's major-college teams got down to more provincial business, the battle for conference championships. One team, **Auburn**, lost its undefeated standing in its very first Southeastern Conference game, but **Bradley** (12–0), **Ohio State** (10–0) and **Vanderbilt** (10–0)—along with independents **Louisville** (13–0) and **DePaul** (9–0)—were still unbeaten.

THE SOUTH

It was already apparent that there were a flock of contenders for the Southeastern Conference title. In 15 straight games Auburn had confounded opponents with its cautious, shuffling offense. The Tigers moved the ball dexterously, played for the good shot and usually made it. But last Saturday, convinced that ball control was the only way to beat Auburn, **Mississippi State** Coach Babe McCarthy shrewdly sent his team into a frustrating stall. He put agile 6-foot-6 Jerry Graves (who scored 24 points) on the high post, and the Maroons ended the Tigers' 36-game home-winning streak 56–48.

Kentucky, in a rare departure from Coach Adolph Rupp's *standpat* basketball philosophy, used a new approach to whip **Georgia Tech** 89–79. Not even The Baron was able to dream up a way to stop Tech's deft Roger Kaiser, who scored 38 points, but the Wildcats destroyed the Jackets' pesky zone press with a 3–2 offense which left shooting room in the corners. With this accomplished, Billy Ray Lickert, Ned Jennings and Paul Newman shot over the harried defenders for a total of 62 points as Rupp chortled gleefully on the sidelines. **Vanderbilt**, too, was looking more and more like a full-fledged challenger after a 68–66 victory over **Tennessee**.

Wake Forest easily defeated **Clemson** 81–59 and **Virginia** 88–61 to lead the Atlantic Coast Conference, but the Deacons were worrying about **Duke** and **North Carolina**. The Blue Devils, with sophomore Art Heyman scoring 28 points, rallied to overhaul **Navy** 78–63, then beat **North Carolina State** 81–67 as Heyman got 27 more. Meanwhile, North Carolina had its troubles against **Notre Dame**. Behind 70–64 with three minutes to play, the Tar Heels barely made it past the Irish, 73–71, on Jim Hudock's last-second tap-in.

Big Chris Smith picked off 26 rebounds and scored 19 points as **Virginia Tech** beat **The Citadel** 73–63 (before losing to **Alabama** 74–56) to take the Southern Conference lead. But **West Virginia** wasn't far behind. The Mountaineers, led by sophomore Jim McCormick and Rod Thorn, perked up their fast break to run down **VMI** 87–72 and **Furman** 105–90.

Louisville, on the verge of losing for the first time, finally slipped past **Eastern Kentucky** 70–69 on Ron Rubenstein's corner shot in the final second. However, the Cardinals had things easier in Milwaukee, where **Marquette** couldn't cope with John Turner's shooting and succumbed 84–63. The top three:

1. LOUISVILLE (13-0)
2. NORTH CAROLINA (8-2)
3. DUKE (11-1)

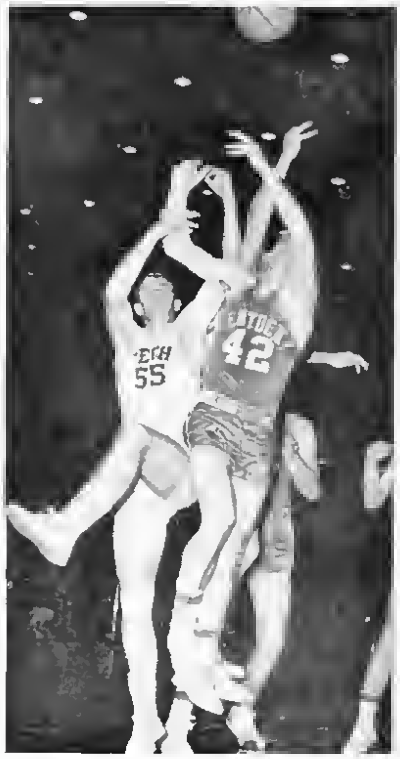
THE EAST

Coach Joe Lapchick, hardly a stoic, was particularly upset as he watched his **St. John's** team flounder against **Temple**'s zone defense, miss easy shots and give up the ball to the smaller Owls. But, finally, the Redmen began to throw their height around, and Temple found it too much to overcome. Six-foot-9 LeRoy Ellis and 6-foot-5 Tony Jackson each scored 27 points, and St. John's won 81–60. **St. Bonaventure** experienced some of the same difficulty against little **Belmont Abbey**. The Bonnies stumbled and bumbled for a while, but a super second-half performance by graceful Tom Stith (who scored 35 points in all) enabled them to win 75–63 for their 96th straight at their home court in Olean. A 32-point splurge by sophomore Fred Crawford then helped them beat **Duquesne** 89–78.

Despite Temple's loss to St. John's, things were bright in the Philadelphia area. **Villanova** surprised strong **Detroit** 81–69 on the sure shooting of Hubie White and Jim Huggard, who scored 55 points between them, and then trounced **Muhlenberg** 74–53. **St. Joseph's**, back in winning form, recovered neatly from a late letdown to beat **Seton Hall** 72–71 in overtime and **NYU** 71–64. **LaSalle**, led by Bill Raftery's 25 points, outscored **Miami** (Fla.) 88–74.

There was considerable stirring in the usually reserved Ivy League. **Columbia**'s Archie Oldham, disheartened by his players' lack of "proper response and enthusiasm for my coaching," resigned abruptly and was replaced by Assistant Ken Hunter. **Princeton**'s "response," however, was excellent. The Tigers defeated Columbia 76–66 and **Cornell** 64–57. The top three:

1. ST. JOHN'S (9-1)
2. ST. BONAVENTURE (11-1)
3. VILLANOVA (8-3)



HIP TO HIP, Georgia Tech's Josh Powell and Kentucky's Roger Newman engage in frantic battle for rebound at Lexington.

THE MIDWEST

It is going to be a rough winter for the Big Ten. **Ohio State** is just too much. Led by All-America Jerry Lucas and hustling Larry Siegfried, State was devastating as it overwhelmed **Illinois** 91–65. When he wasn't sweeping the boards, Lucas pushed in 14 of his 17 field goal attempts; he added seven fouls for 35 points before he retired with 10 minutes to go. **Indiana**, given the best chance to overthrow the marvelous Buckeyes, had little trouble beating **Michigan** 81–70 as 6-foot-11 Walt Bellamy scored 23 points. Surprising **Iowa** hounded **Minnesota** to distraction and whipped the Gophers 71–46. Terry Dischinger, the core of **Purdue**'s hopes, had one of his finest games against **Northwestern**. He scored 41 points and the Boilermakers won 79–64.

In the Big Eight **Kansas State** took advantage of **Oklahoma State**'s mistakes, got off to an 11–1 lead, bolstered it with Mike Wroblewski's 10-point flurry late in the first half and beat the Cowboys 69–58. **Kansas**, left dangling by an **Oklahoma** hot streak in the first six minutes, pecked away at the Sooners and finally beat them 58–55 when Guard Jerry Gardner threw in

continued

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two field goals in the last two minutes.

Bradley, which rarely loses at Peoria, stretched its home streak to 45 with victories over **Wichita** 64–61, and **Tulsa** 76–66 as Chet Walker scored 46 points. The Braves almost didn't make it against Wichita; the Shockers had Bradley on the run until Mack Herndon and sophomore Tim Robinson combined for five points to pull the Braves ahead. Two nights later Wichita handed **St. Louis** its first Missouri Valley loss 70–61.

DePaul, with little playmaker Howie Carl scoring 42 points, polished off **Western Ontario** 55–50 and **Dayton** 75–64 to remain unbeaten. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (10-0)
2. BRADLEY (12-0)
3. IOWA (9-1)

THE SOUTHWEST

Everybody was beating everybody else in the Southwest Conference. **Texas A&M** won as expected, over **TCU** 82–69 and **Baylor** 75–61, but **Texas**, with aggressive rebounding and Donnie Lasiter's shooting, upset **Arkansas** 68–58. Then TCU caught the Longhorns by surprise, carried them through four overtime periods and eventually beat them 95–94 on Coyle Winborn's shot. TCU Coach Buster Brannon's strategy was simple: "I just prayed."

Just to complicate matters, **Texas Tech** also was making threatening gestures. Little Del Ray Mounts broke a late **SMU** stall with a jump shot and a layup and the Red Raiders overtook the Mustangs 70–68. **Rice** was next and Tech routed the Owls 78–45, while Arkansas came back to edge SMU 76–74. The top three:

1. TEXAS A&M (7-3)
2. ARKANSAS (7-3)
3. TEXAS (7-6)

THE WEST

UCLA, pestered by **Washington**'s pressing defense, sank a miserable 16.4% of its shots and lost to the Huskies, whose Bill Hanson scored 17 points, 58–45. But the next night sophomore Ron Lawson piled up 16 points, sagged to help hold Hanson to 11 and UCLA won 62–58. In Berkeley, **USC** broke away from **California**'s bear-hug defense, fed the ball to big John Rudometkin and beat Cal twice, 57–50 and 65–57.

Utah State, plagued all season by illness, inertia and finally ineligibility (Center Charley Walker and sub Forward Joe Gozdziak were set down last week), tried desperately to stay with **Utah** and its fancy-shooting Billy McGill. But Billy flipped in 29 points, snared 17 rebounds and Utah whipped the Aggies 85–70. The top three:

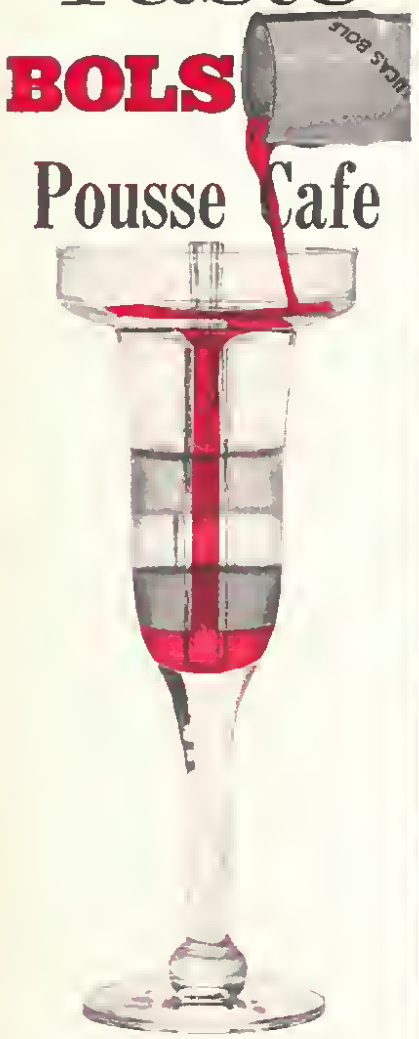
1. USC (10-2)
2. UCLA (8-3)
3. UTAH (8-4)



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

AUTO RACING—World Champion JACK BRABHAM fought off a late challenge by Bruce McLaren to win the bumpy, 150-mile New Zealand Grand Prix, for the third time

BASEBALL—Moving from team to team almost as rapidly as the players he trades, FRANK LANE barreled into Kansas City to take over as general manager of the Athletics, quickly announced that his usual "anybody's for sale" policy would apply there just as it had in his operations in Chicago, St. Louis and Cleveland. Lane added, however, that, "The good players we'll keep in Kansas City," marking an apparent end to the A's role as a "farm club" for the New York Yankees

BASKETBALL—When DETROIT's George Lee socked NEW YORK's Kenny Sears, Lee was charged with a personal foul and Sears was hospitalized with a fractured jaw. It seemed the final blow for the Knicks, who had lost five in a row. Instead, the New Yorkers gave some scoring help to Willie Naulls, beat Detroit, won three straight and pulled to within 2½ games of Syracuse, which lost four of six. The winning half of the East, BOSTON and PHILADELPHIA, continued the taffy pull which saw Boston stretch its lead from a game to a game and a half. ST. LOUIS split four games to maintain its easy domination of the West. In the NIBL, the CLEVELAND PIPERS scored their 10th victory in 11 games by beating Denver, 123–99, and maintain a 4½-game lead over New York in the Eastern Division. Denver's disastrous eastern swing resulted in a third straight loss when AKRON rallied for a 96–90 victory that dropped Denver into a first-place tie with Seattle in the Western Division.

BOXING—RODOLFO DIAZ, Argentine light heavyweight champion, solved the weird, weaving tactics of kittenish Clarence (Tiger) Floyd, bored straight in at the Tiger until he curled up in a corner in the eighth round, in New York.
SUGAR RAY ROBINSON will have another chance to regain his world middleweight championship from Gene Fullmer when the two meet, for the fourth time, on February 25. Betting on the fight could reach record heights since the big gamblers need save nothing for plane fare; the fight will be in Las Vegas.
CARMEN BASILIO, fighting again after a six-month layoff, scored a unanimous decision over Gaspar Ortega in New York (*see page 18*).

CHESS—BOBBY FISCHER, William Lombardy and Raymond Weinstein, aged 17, 20 and 19, respectively, finished 1-2-3 in the U.S. championships in New York and earned the right to compete in 1961 world title play, the youngest American team ever.

FIELD TRIALS—CARSWELL CONTESSA, 6-year-old black-and-white bitch handled by Mrs. Philip Armour Jr., beat 40 rivals to win the National English Springer Spaniel championship, Weldon Springs, Mo.

FOOTBALL—NORMAN SNEAD, fresh from signing a pro contract with the Washington Redskins, threw four touchdown passes as he directed the South All-Stars to a wild 33–26 victory over the North in the Senior Bowl at Mobile, Ala. The PHILADELPHIA EAGLES, wasting no time in filling the quarterback vacancy created by the retirement of all-pro Norm Van Brocklin, traded a high future draft choice to the St. Louis Cardinals for King Hill, former Rice All-America.

HANDBALL—1960's outstanding U.S. players, named in the final AAU rankings, were JIM JACOBS of Los Angeles in four-wall singles, and OSCAR OBERT of New York in one-wall singles.

HOCKEY—Two long losing streaks ended Sunday night when DETROIT (seven in a row at home) beat BOSTON while NEW YORK (five in a row) upset MONTREAL. Detroit managed its win without Gordie Howe, who was out for 10 days with a head injury.

HORSE RACING—At Santa Anita FIRST BALCONY ($81.20) left the pack as the field rounded the stretch turn, fought off a closing challenge by favored T.V. Lark and ran off with the $58,600 San Carlos Handicap by a length. The 4-year old colt covered seven furlongs in 1.22 1/5, Manuel Ycaza up. GEECHEE LOU ($63) lay back during the first half of the $29,300 San Gabriel Handicap, then hurtled through on the inside to give Johnny Longden the fastest ride any jockey in America has ever had over a mile and a furlong on grass: 1:46 3/5.
At Tropical Park DERRICK ($47.70) began moving up from 13th place midway down the backstretch of the $24,100 Orange Bowl Handicap, caught Noholme II just 70 yards from the wire and won the mile-and-a-sixteenth race by a nose in 1:43 under a fine ride from John Rotz.

RODEO—After 10 wild go-rounds in the finals of the world championships at Dallas, five of the six available titles were held by new champions. Biggest winner was HARRY TOMPKINS, a 32-year-old Texan, who dethroned Oklahoman Jim Shoulders to become, officially, the best all-round cowboy in the world. Besides bumps, bruises and the title, Tompkins picked up the bull-riding championship and, since last year's championship, $32,522. Only repeat winner was JACK BUSCHBOM, 32, Cassville, Wis., who for the third straight year took the bareback bronc-riding crown. Other new champions: BOB ROBINSON, 26, steer wrestling; ENOCH WALKER, 27, saddle bronc riding; and DEAN OLIVER, 30, calf roping.

SKIING—MONTANA STATE COLLEGE defeated NCAA champion Colorado and three other teams for a surprising victory in the sixth annual Wyoming Intercollegiate championships. The winner's edge over Colorado was 1,131.56 to 1,115.06. U.S. Olympian CHUCK FERRIES of Denver University spoiled the return to competition of ex-Denverite BUDDY WERNER, currently of the U. of Colorado, by flashing down a fast 37-gate course in 1:26 4/5 to win the annual Giant Snow Cup Slalom at Alta, Utah. For Werner, who finished second, it was his first major race since he broke his leg just before the 1960 Winter Olympics.

SQUASH—Defending champion ROSHAN KHAN, 35-year-old professional instructor with the Pakistan navy, whipped cousin Azam Khan 15–6, 15–4, 15–8 to retain his U.S. Open Squash Racquets title at Indianapolis.

SWIMMING—INDIANA UNIVERSITY's powerful swimmers broke six meet records and won six events to capture the Big Ten relays at East Lansing.

TRACK & FIELD—West Germany's Olympic 100-meter champion ARMIN HARY began a year of involuntary contemplation of his many-sided career, which has been moving just as fast off the cinders as on. Citing some outsized expense accounts and a magazine article in which Hary belittled German amateur athletics, officials thought it wiser that he not compete again until 1962.
In an all-comers' meet at Palo Alto, Stanford's ERNIE CUNLIFFE broke the world record for the 1,000-yard run with a time of 2:07.3, while New Zealand's Olympic 5,000-meter champion, MURRAY HALBERG, broke the U.S. record for the two miles, winning in 8:40.8.

MILEPOSTS—APPOINTED: CHUCK STUDLEY, 31, as head football coach at the University of Cincinnati. Studley resigned after one season at the University of Massachusetts, where his 7–2 record was the best in the school's history.
JOHNNY GRIFFITH, as head football coach at the University of Georgia, succeeding Wally Butts, who will continue as athletic director.
ENGAGED: WALLACE (Buddy) WERNER, 24, ski champion, to Vanda Norgren, 24-year-old Denverite.
MARRIED: RAY NORTON, 23, U.S. Olympic sprinter, to Martha McGuire, 21-year-old senior at the University of California.
HONORED: NORM VAN BROCKLIN, quarterback of the NFL champion Philadelphia Eagles, and Joe Schmidt, Detroit Lions linebacker, as the NFL's most valuable players for 1960, by a vote of their fellow athletes.
ABNER HAYNES, Dallas Texans halfback, as player of the year in the American Football League, by a poll of coaches and writers.
DIED: LYNWOOD THOMAS (Schoolboy) ROWE, 48, right-hander who won 158 games in a 13-year pitching career with the Detroit Tigers, Brooklyn Dodgers and Philadelphia Phillies, of a heart attack, at his home in El Dorado, Ark.
FRED LUDERUS, 75, captain of the Philadelphia Phillies' first N.L. championship team, and a major league baseball player from 1906 to 1920, of a heart attack, at his home near Three Lakes, Wisconsin.
CLAYTON HEAFNER, 46, pro golfer who reached the finals of the National Open in 1949 and 1951, of a heart ailment, in Charlotte, N.C.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

8—sketch by Bill Charmatz. 9—Ellery Kington. 10—Jerry Cooke. 12—DeVere Helfrich, Albert's Studio. 24, 25—Aage Sorensen Birnback. 26, 27—Coles Phinizy, Charles Ott National Audubon Society. 28—Fish and Wildlife Service U.S. Dept. of Interior. 29—map by William Barnstein. 40—Tom Hutchins LIFE. 42—Martin Nathan. 44—illustration by Michael Ramus. 46, 47—Lee Balterman. 59—A.P. 63—Harris & Ewing. 64—Herb Scharfman. 66—Marshall Lockman Black Star.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HARD HEADS, SOFT BODIES

Sirs:

We in the Erie County YMCA are currently engaged in a capital-funds campaign for $3,070,500 to build three new branch buildings and to rehabilitate our present buildings. Mr. Kennedy has said much in his article (*The Soft American*, Dec. 26) that strengthens and supplements our campaign story.

JAMES C. KURZ

Buffalo

Sirs:

Congratulations on the excellent article by President-elect Kennedy. It displays his keen insight and your alert reporting. I am delighted to see the fitness problem recognized at the highest level.

CECIL W. MORGAN
Dean, School of Health
and Physical Education,
Ithaca College

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sirs:

It is encouraging to read that President Eisenhower's program to improve the fitness of all Americans is to be carried further.

MARGARET HAMILTON

Ligonier, Pa.

Sirs:

It has been two years since I bought a copy of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and I am sorry I wasted a quarter on the issue on *The Soft American* by J. F. Kennedy. History has repeatedly shown that the great ideas which control our lives today came from the minds of some of the worst physical specimens in history.

R. E. MCKEE

Marion, Ohio

● Or from borrowed magazines. The special issue containing the Kennedy article cost 35¢.—ED.

Sirs:

Whoever wins out in the cold war will do so because of scientific superiority supported by intelligent policies. The mind and not the biceps is going to be the weapon by which we will win or lose.

WALTER FREEMAN

Jamaica, N.Y.

Sirs:

During the past several years I have traveled for the U.S. State Department, primarily in Asia, as a roving track coach. Asia is a land of contradictions, political phenomena, 1,000 ethnic groups and languages. It is an area where people suffer from hunger and 15th century diseases, where they can't read or write, have never heard of democracy, have never known of civil liberties, are not Christians, but where they love sports as all people do. In much of the East, national leaders are active in sport. The Prime Minister of Malaya, Tengku Abdul Rahman, is the active head of the Malayan football association. President Sukarno of Indonesia just got $12 million from the Soviet Union to build sports arenas for the 1962 Asian Games. In Laos or Thailand a good student may be a good student, but if he is also a sportsman, strong in body and sound in mind, he's a leader, a potential Prime Minister.

In Asia, youth is a prime target for the Communists, and sport offers a natural approach and a normal situation for organization, for youth clubs. The Chinese Communists have flooded Southeast Asia with pamphlets on sport. They have reprinted American track books with their own propaganda slant, and they sell them for a fraction of the cost of the original American version. What we have tried to do is fight the Communists on the field of sport for the youth of the world, in Asia, in Africa, in the Middle East. We coaches have become aware of the broader implications of sport; we have seen it from an amazing angle; we have seen it in a new dimension—even greater than the Olympics—in the backward areas of the world.

In his article Mr. Kennedy cites the challenge of "a powerful and implacable adversary determined to show the world that only the Communist system possesses the vigor and determination necessary to satisfy awakening aspirations for progress." He once spoke of a "civilian peace corps." As a former marine, let me say that a civilian peace corps, working in engineering, medicine and especially the common ground of sport, would do more good than 10,000 Marine Corps.

THOMAS P. ROSANDICH

Waukesha, Wis.

● Former Quantico Marines Coach Tom Rosandich is well known in track and field circles, teaches history and international relations in a Wisconsin high school between trips to Asia.—ED.

Sirs:

For more than 70 years the AAU has preached physical exercises.

Your magazine can be most helpful in furthering the cause by encouraging the formation of athletic clubs in every locality having a high school. Such clubs, using high school facilities on evenings, Sundays and holidays, and during vacations, can make it possible for many boys and girls not yet in high school and many young men and women just out of high school or college to engage in wholesome athletic exercise.

DANIEL J. FERRIS
Honorary Secretary, AAU

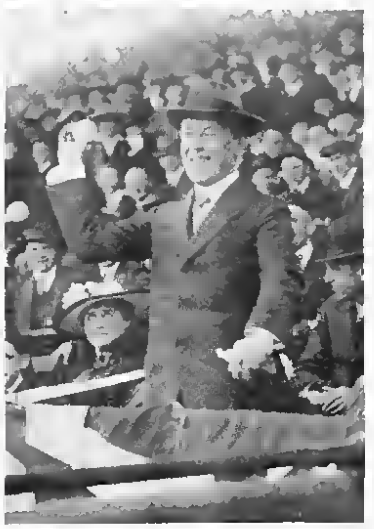
New York City

Sirs:

It is interesting to note that the vital question of athletic fitness was a matter of concern to another man who became President. Woodrow Wilson, writing on the burdens of the presidency in his book, *Constitutional Government in the United States*, which was published in 1908, stated: "No other man's day is so full as his, so full of the responsibilities which tax mind and conscience alike and demand an inexhaustible vitality. . . . Men of ordinary physique and discretion cannot be Presidents and live, if the strain be not somehow relieved. We shall be obliged always to be picking our chief magistrates from among wise and prudent athletes,—a small class."

JOHN J. DALEY JR.

Hyattsville, Md.



ANOTHER ADVOCATE OF FITNESS

FINE AND FREE

Sirs:

You make some fairly blithe assumptions when you write that the objectors to Pay TV are not "involved creatively with recreation and entertainment" (*The $6,000,000,000 Question*, Dec. 26), and are not "representatives of the public at large."

As a member of both groups, I ask: do you think for one minute that there will be any determining factor in Pay TV other than the possible size of the audience? The only concern of the networks will be quantity of audience rather than quality of show, since they will be selling a program, not a product.

Until some guarantee can be given that the quality of TV will be improved by direct payment for programs, I'd rather skim off the few music, drama, sports and

continued

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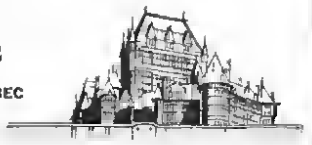


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public service programs we get now, and keep the Cyclops of the modern American home quiet the rest of the time.

PAUL NOSSITER

Wellfleet, Mass.

Sirs:

I saw a fine (free) telecast of the pro football championship game from Philadelphia. Your writers are very idealistic if they think that games of this stature will remain free once Pay TV is firmly established. It just doesn't make sense economically. It would just be a matter of time before every worthwhile sports event would be on Pay TV.

The article admits we would soon have commercials on Pay TV. So where does the average fan gain?

MEL LESSER

Pacoima, Calif.

Sirs:

Who are we kidding that Pay TV is going to be much different from current TV in program quality? Are we suddenly going to discover a great unknown wealth of writing and performing talent?

Pay or free, if you don't get an audience, the shows go off the air—except as the FCC requires serving the public interest. And if a lousy show by your standards draws a big audience, you can count on it to appear on Pay TV just as fast and as frequently as it would on commercial TV.

ALDEN R. GRIMES

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Who owns the air waves, anyway—the box office boys or the public?

H. B. POWELL

Battle Creek, Mich.

Sirs:

Re: Pay Television.

I think pay television has great possibilities but the big thing I want to know is, how much are they going to pay me to watch?

H. WM. WAY

San Francisco

STONY LOOKS

Sirs:

I am all for encouraging children to devise their own games and activities with a minimum of adult guidance or interference (*And Then There Was Stone Tag*, Dec. 26), but with reasonable limitations. By all means let them throw snow in winter, water in summer, and balls in all seasons but not stones and not sticks. Let them have access to tools to make boats, trucks, sleds and tree houses, but not weapons. Let them play cowboys and Indians or cops and robbers with cap guns and fists, if need be, but not with BB guns.

I cannot help thinking that Mrs. Connelly would cherish her souvenir BB less warmly if it had lodged in her eye instead of in her arm.

NANCY B. WATSON

Nasbua, N.H.

Sirs:

Dolly Connelly's article, while delightfully written, nevertheless reveals the beginnings of The Ugly American and the answer to Who Killed Society.

KAREN DYKER

Plainfield, N J.

Sirs:

Beautiful—that's the only way to describe Dolly Connelly's story.

LESLIE SHENKIN

New York City

RIVAL

Sirs:

We at the Cigar Institute have a Man of the Year just like you, and our pick for 1960 happens to be a sportsman as well—Bob Friend of the Pittsburgh Pirates. It was through the pages of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (Oct. 10), in fact, that we discovered that he is a cigar smoker.

STANLEY KOLKER

New York City



1960 HERO OF THE CIGARMAKERS

FOR THE DEFENSE

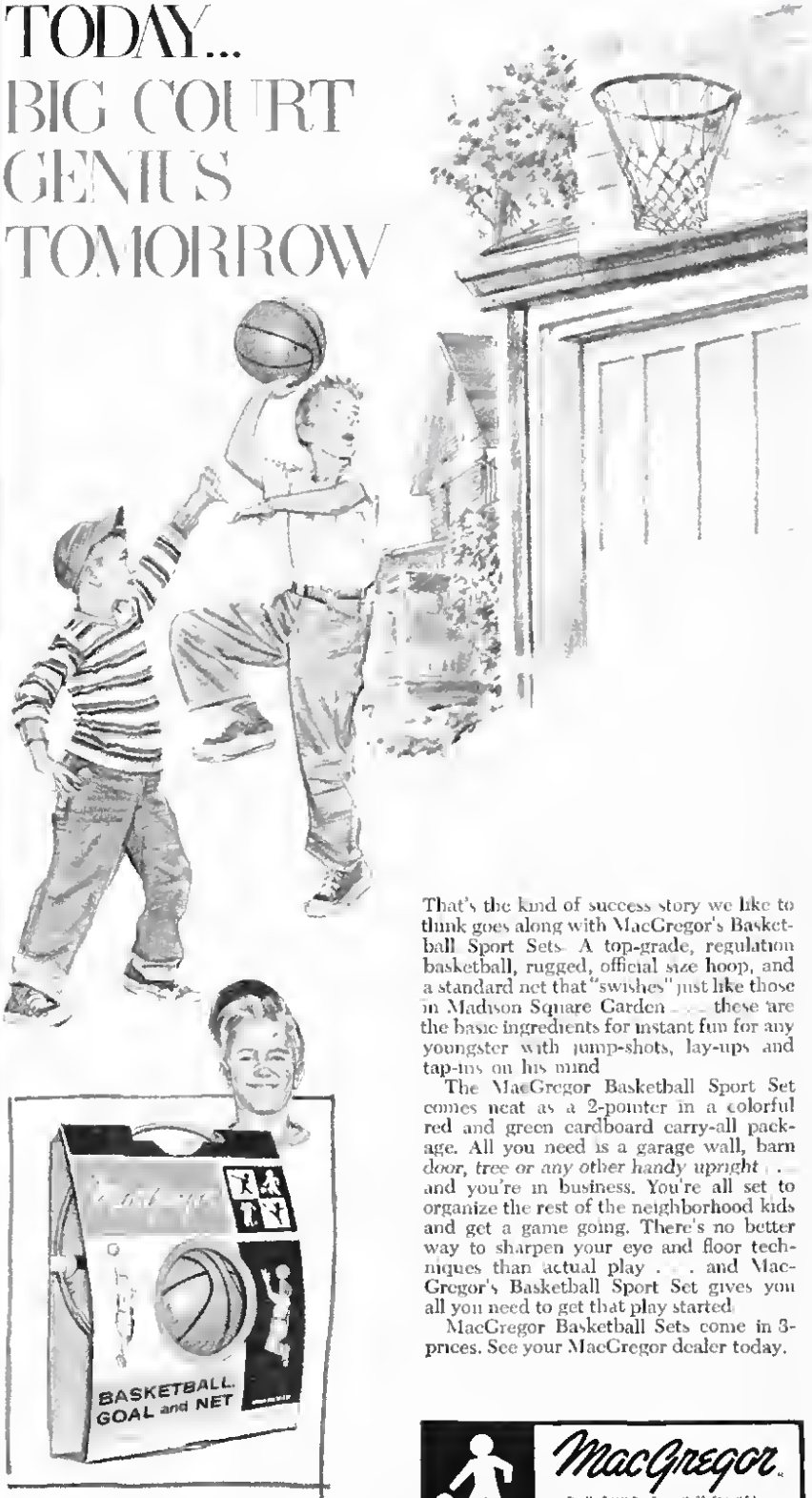
Sirs:

In a recent copy of your magazine, Tex Maule made some pretty bad remarks about Bill Wade, quarterback of the Los Angeles Rams (*A Step Up in the Mud*, Dec. 19), who happens to be a good friend of myself and my daddy. Tex Maule says Bill was lumbering through the line. He says Bill is an awkward passer. If so, why was Bill one of the best passers of the Western Conference last year? Bill has one quality most pros don't have. Every Sunday night he is with his family, and not at the pool table or drinking, or keeping out of shape like the other pros. If you ever see Tex Maule, please tell him I said he doesn't know anything more about Bill Wade than I do about flying a rocket.

ROB CRICHTON JR.

Nashville, Tenn.

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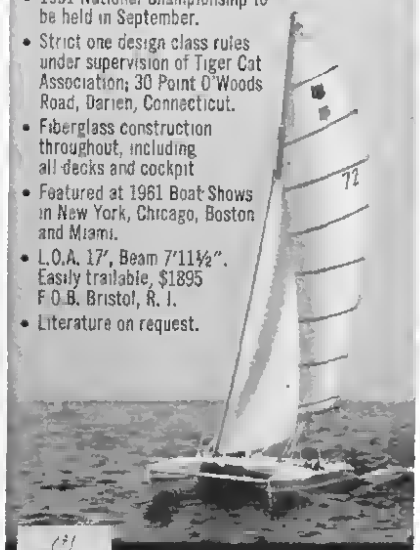
The MacGregor Basketball Sport Set comes neat as a 2-pointer in a colorful red and green cardboard carry-all package. All you need is a garage wall, barn door, tree or any other handy upright . . . and you're in business. You're all set to organize the rest of the neighborhood kids and get a game going. There's no better way to sharpen your eye and floor techniques than actual play . . . and MacGregor's Basketball Sport Set gives you all you need to get that play started.

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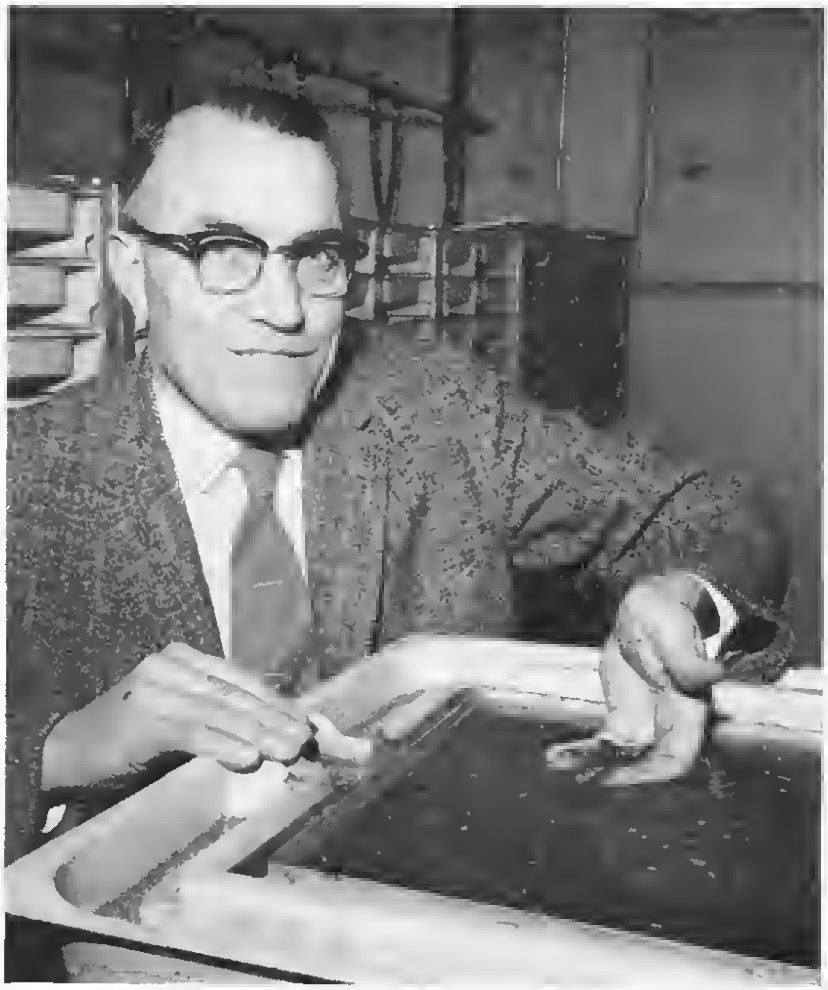
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PAT ON THE BACK



LAUREN DONALDSON

Varsity salmon

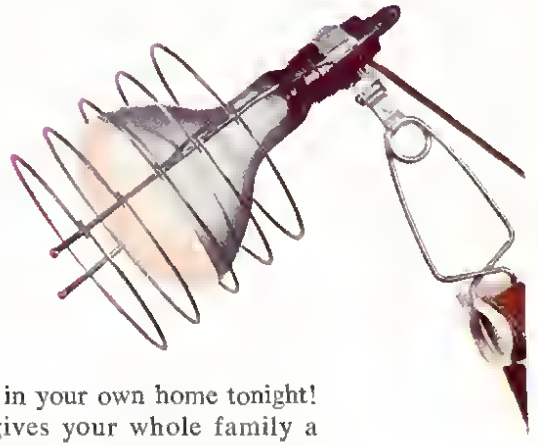
If nothing much can be done about all the dams that make the salmon's spawning job more difficult each season on the rivers of the Pacific Northwest, then something must be done about the salmon. So reasoned a one-time football coach named Lauren Donaldson a decade ago. Now a research scientist at the University of Washington's fisheries center, square-jawed Dr. Donaldson (shown here with some of the 250,000 salmon fingerlings he plants annually) is on the threshold of producing a Chinook salmon that is capable of coping with any dam. Moreover, the fish will gladden the hearts of fishermen in the area.

Over the last 10 years, by means of controlled diet and an easy migration route from the sea, Dr. Donaldson has developed a select race of college-bred fish that survives disease and the elements in ever-increasing numbers during the annual seasonal "homecoming," when its weaker cousins expire by the million.

For Dr. Donaldson, this experiment in speeded-up evolution means that salmon can be tailored to virtually any size or shape man wishes. "It takes considerable effort," he says, "to change something the Lord's been working on for millions of years. But it can be done, and we're doing it!"

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Photographs by M. Halberstadt



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